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& BYSTANDER

JULY

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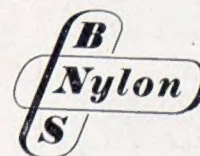
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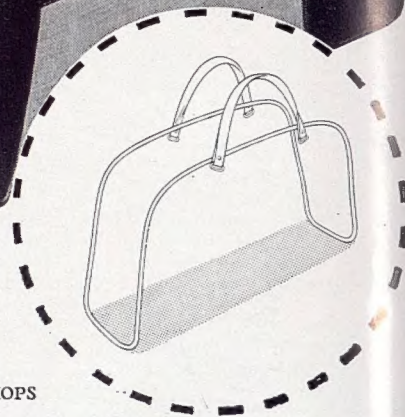


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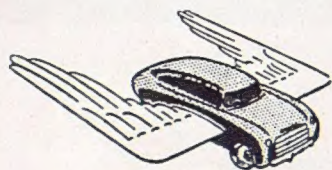
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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 6 to July 13

**July 6 (Wed.)** Lady Anne Rhys's dance for her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Rhys, at Apsley House. The Rose of England Ball at the Dorchester. Racing at Salisbury (second day), Pontefract (two days). Cricket: Surrey v. Leicestershire at the Oval.

**July 7 (Thur.)** The third Test match, England v. South Africa, at Manchester. Polo at Roehampton. H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent at film première in aid of National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs at the Plaza. Mrs. Dwight Whitney's dance for her daughter, Miss Anna Massey, and her son, Mr. Daniel Massey, at The Grove, Highgate Village. Mrs. Bernard Sumner's dance for her daughter, Miss Mary Sumner, at Camp End, St. George's Hill, Weybridge. English Speaking Union's dinner in honour of Sir Anthony and Lady Eden. First night of *The Shadow Of Doubt* at the Saville Theatre, with John Clements, Jane Baxter and Raymond Huntley.

**July 8 (Fri.)** Cricket: Eton v. Harrow, at Lord's (two days). The Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham. Eton College Beagle Ball at the Dorchester. Lady Grimston's dance for her daughter, Miss Ella Grimston, at Gorhambury, St. Albans. Royal Windsor Rose Show at Windsor Castle (two days). Racing at Sandown (two days), Thirsk (two days).

**July 9 (Sat.)** Polo: Final of the Roehampton Cup and Neil Haig Cup at Roehampton. Cricket: Surrey v. Kent at the Oval.

**July 10 (Sun.)**

**July 11 (Mon.)** First night of the Festival Ballet's nine-week summer season at the Royal Festival Hall. The Cheltenham festival of British Contemporary Music opens (until July 22).

Racing at Birmingham (evening meeting).

Cricket: The Royal Artillery v. The Royal Engineers at Lord's.

Mrs. Cecil Madden, Mrs. Derek Clogg and Mrs. George K. Hampshire's dance for their daughters, Miss Mardie Madden, Miss Carolyne Clogg and Miss Susan Hampshire at the Hyde Park Hotel. Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket (one day).

**July 12 (Tues.)** The Queen holds an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Royal Ascot meeting (four days).

Polo at Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park.

First night of *The Merry Wives Of Windsor* at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Highland Fund Ball at the Dorchester.

Mrs. Martin Soames's dance for her daughter, Miss Elfin Soames, at The Corner House, 62 Wellington Road, St. John's Wood.

**July 13 (Wed.)** First night of *Nina* at the Haymarket Theatre, with Edith Evans.

First Night, *Twenty Minutes South*, St. Martins.

Cricket: Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's (three days).

Mrs. John Wynne-Williams's dance for her daughter, Miss Patricia Wynne-Williams, at the Dorchester.



LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTHAL, whose photograph by Eric Coop appears on the cover this week, is the second of the Marquess of Anglesey's five sisters. Her husband is the son of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the distinguished poet and the librettist of many of Richard Strauss's operas, including *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Arabella*. Their son Octavian, born in 1946, was incidentally christened after the chief character in the first and their daughter Arabella bears the title of the second. Lady Elizabeth was a trainbearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation of George VI. She and her husband share a deep interest in music. They live in Connaught Square, Hyde Park

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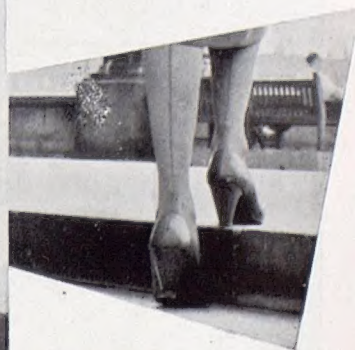
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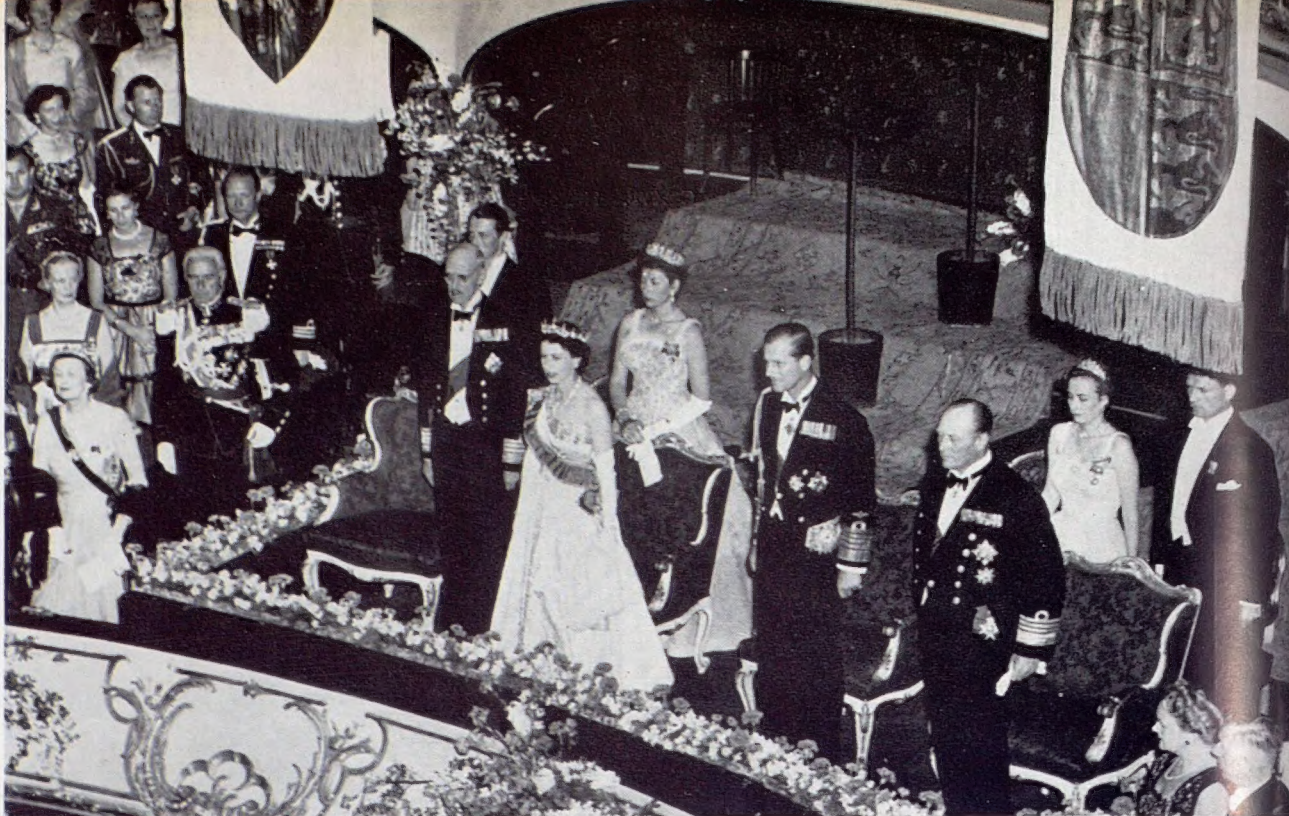
## Young Norway greets the Queen

**D**URING Her Majesty's state visit to Oslo she went to the city's famous Folk Museum where she saw children in national costume give a display of country dances. Here two of the young people have just presented her with dolls in similar costumes to themselves, to the Queen's manifest pleasure. With Her Majesty is King Haakon of Norway and Prince Philip. Jennifer gives a description of this immensely successful visit on pages 6 and 7



## A TRULY REGAL ENTERTAINMENT

WITH Prince Philip on her left and her host, King Haakon, on her right, the Queen stands during the playing of the national anthems at the gala performance of *Peer Gynt* at Oslo's National Theatre. Beside Prince Philip is Crown Prince Olav. Behind are Prince Harald (left), Princess Astrid, Princess Ragnhild Fru Lorentzen and Mr. Lorentzen



## Social Journal

Jennifer

## ROYAL GALA DAYS IN OSLO

THE Queen's State visit to Norway with Prince Philip was undoubtedly a great joy to the veteran King Haakon and to the gallant people of Norway, who gave them a tremendous welcome, from the moment of their arrival until they departed in the Royal yacht *Britannia* down Oslo Fjord on a glorious summer evening.

I flew over, an easy flight of less than three hours, in one of B.E.A.'s fleet of Viscounts, and as we circled to land we saw the *Britannia* lying at anchor in Oslo Harbour, as were her escorting destroyers, all gaily dressed overall. The city was gay with flags and magnificent floral decorations, and there were pictures of the Queen and the Prince in every shop window.

On landing the Royal couple were met by King Haakon and all the Norwegian Royal Family, and although it was drizzling the party still drove to the Palace in open cars.

IT was the Queen's first State visit outside the British Commonwealth since her succession, and also the first visit of a British Sovereign to Norway for many years. For Her Majesty it was an especially happy occasion which she had looked forward to for a long time, for as a child she got to know really well, and to respect, King Haakon (Uncle Charles as she always calls him), when he spent four of the war years in England. From him she had heard many stories of his country.

On the evening of the arrival of his Royal guests King Haakon gave a banquet in their honour at the Palace. A tall, upright and regal figure, he made a charming speech welcoming the Queen and Prince Philip, referring to the time he and the Crown Prince and many other Norwegians spent in the United Kingdom during the last war, joining hands with the British people in the struggle for the common cause.

He went on to say that more than a thousand years ago the Queen's predecessor King Alfred the Great wrote—"We wonder not

that men should work in timber-felling and in carrying and building, for a man hopes that if he has built a cottage on laenland of his Lord, with his Lord's help he may be allowed to lie there awhile, and hunt and fowl and fish and occupy the laenland as he likes, until through his Lord's grace he may perhaps someday obtain book-land and permanent inheritance."

This, he said, is the common cause for which both countries fought—the right for every Briton and Norwegian to live as free men, and of the coming generation to remain independent and become their own masters.

The Queen, who wore the brilliant scarlet ribbon of the Order of St. Olav across her white satin evening dress, also a diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings, replied with a short, sincere speech.

SHE said what a great pleasure it was to her to make her first State visit outside the Commonwealth to so valued a friend and ally, and in his jubilee year, too. She recalled her father's words on the occasion of King Haakon's visit to England in 1951, when the late King George VI praised the fighting spirit of the Norsemen displayed by King Haakon and his people. Whether they had served with the British Forces under the command of the Crown Prince, in the Norwegian merchant navy, or in the resistance in Norway, they were always inspired by the example of their King.

Next morning the Queen and Prince Philip, accompanied by King Haakon, the Crown Prince, and Prince Harald, went to see the Folk Museum, the Viking ships, and the Kon-Tiki raft, when Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian leader of the Kon-Tiki expedition of 1948, was presented to them. He then showed the Queen the famous raft on which he and his five companions drifted 5,000 miles across the Pacific.

In the afternoon the Queen, wearing a white silk dress with a faint blue pattern and little blue silk petal hat, attended with Prince

Philip a garden party at the British Embassy. The British Ambassador and Mrs. Scarlett (later Sir Peter and Lady Scarlett) who only arrived in Oslo in February and are already extremely popular, received 1,600 guests in the garden, Mrs. Scarlett looking very attractive in a lime yellow dress with black polka dots and a big black hat. Beside them receiving stood the Canadian and Pakistan Ministers, and the Indian Chargé d'Affaires, together with their wives.

MANY members of the British Colony in Norway were presented to the Queen and the Prince, among them a large number of British wives of Norwegians who had met in England and Canada during the war. Among the guests I met Mrs. Just Ebbson who is living at Gardemoen and Mrs. Ottar Malm, looking very pretty in a black and white print, who was presented to the Queen. Before her marriage she was Susan Pawle, daughter of the late Mr. Frank Pawle and Mrs. Pawle, and her family own Abbots Farm, a lovely house in Hertfordshire where for many years her father organized a most enjoyable cricket week on their own private ground.

Also at the party were Mrs. Egil Ellingsen, Canadian-born Mrs. Per Waaler in a red and black print who was presented to the Queen (her husband was in attendance on the Crown Prince during the Royal visit), Mrs. Reidar From, very attractive in a print silk dress, and Mrs. Sverre Kittelsen whose husband is a lawyer in Oslo. She was another British wife presented to the Queen. Others I saw included the Ambassador's three pretty daughters Jane, Petronella and Belinda—the latter presented the Queen with a bouquet—and that most beloved character of Oslo, ninety-year-old Mrs. Mooney who came to live here more than fifty years ago with her late husband, who was the British chaplain. She is an old friend of King Haakon who often pays her a visit.

Major Mark Milbank, Master of the Queen's Household, Mr. John Aird the very



popular British Consul who first lived in Oslo before the war, and his wife, who both do a lot for the British Colony, and Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Margaret Hay and Sir Michael Adeane, who were in attendance on the Queen, were others present. Before Her Majesty left she invested the Ambassador with the K.C.V.O., and Mr. Aird with the M.V.O.

AT night there was a gala performance at the National Theatre, when a splendid production of the first part of the traditional Norwegian play *Peer Gynt* was staged with Toralv Maurstad and Tore Segelcke in the leading parts. Alfred Maurstad, father of Toralv, who has played the part of the older Peer Gynt for so many years, was directing.

The Royal Box in the centre of the dress circle was decorated with red, white and blue flowers, and every seat in this well lit and very decorative theatre was filled, the men all in full evening dress with decorations and the women in their loveliest evening dresses and jewels, a few wearing tiaras, which made a truly brilliant setting.

When the Queen entered, a radiant figure in an ice blue and silver lamé dress across which she wore the red ribbon of the Order of St. Olav, with a high diamond tiara, necklace and bracelets over her long white gloves, she stood beside King Haakon, Prince Philip and Crown Prince Olav, while the orchestra played the British and Norwegian national anthems. With them in the Royal Box were Princess Astrid, looking very youthful and pretty, also wearing a diamond tiara with her pastel evening dress, Prince Harald and their married sister Princess Ragnhild Fru Lorentzen and her husband.

MEMBERS of the Norwegian Parliament, of the Diplomatic Corps and the Queen's suite, many wearing full Court dress, were sitting nearby in the circle with their wives. Among these I saw the Prime Minister Mr. Einar Gerhardsen, the Foreign Minister Mr. Halvard Lange, who sat next to Mr. Harold Macmillan our Foreign Secretary, who had the Norwegian Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs Mr. R. Skjoldstad on his other side. The Norwegian Ambassador to the Court at St. James's and Mme. Prebensen, the latter wearing a mink stole over her red faille evening dress, and the newly knighted British Ambassador and Lady Scarlett were there, also the President of the Storting, Mr. Oscar Torp, the Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Ingvald Smith-Kielland, and Crown Prince Olav's chief A.D.C., Col. Ostgaard, a magnificent figure in his uniform. He has been the Crown Prince's constant companion since he was six years old, taught him to ski, helped in his education and is now a wise and beloved friend.

Others there included Mrs. Anker, Mistress of the Robes, Mr. Vincent Bommen, the King's private secretary, Col. Emgvik, Inspector General of the Norwegian Air Force, General Birger Motzfeldt, who was attached to Prince Philip's suite during the visit, and Capt. Braadland of the R.N.N.

NEXT day after attending the English Church the Royal guests motored out with King Haakon in an open car to lunch with Prince Olav at Skaugum, a truly wonderful home overlooking Oslo Fjord. In the evening, after entertaining King Haakon with members of the Royal Family and many officials of both Households to dinner on board the *Britannia*, the Queen and Prince Philip left for home, the Royal yacht going slowly down the fjord on a glorious summer's evening as the moon was rising in the sky, fitting finale to an enchanting visit which British guests and all Norwegians will remember for many years to come.

Nearly seven hundred guests came to the magnificent ball which the Duchess of Argyll gave at Claridge's for her débutante daughter Miss Frances Sweeny. They made a memorable picture, this very beautiful mother and her lovely daughter, as they stood receiving their guests, the Duchess wearing a dress of pale grey net over pink, and Frances in an exquisite dress with a long bodice of shell-shaped aquamarine blue sequins and a skirt of orchid pink tulle.

Before the ball the Duke and Duchess gave a dinner party for more than a hundred friends at small tables arranged around the ballroom.

Pink was the colour scheme throughout this dance, the hidden lighting around the walls of the ballroom being tinted pink. There was no overhead lighting, but pink candles in silver candelabra lit the dinner tables on which were bowls of pink sweet peas, while magnificent vases of pink flowers decorated all the rooms—a most becoming setting for the many lovely women present.

This event will be remembered not for extravagant décor or freakish diversions, but for real grace and beauty.

AMONG the dinner guests were H.R.H. the Infanta Beatrix Torlonia and her daughter Donna Sandra Torlonia, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the latter looking very attractive in a red dress with a turquoise blue taffeta stole and a turquoise and diamond necklace and ear-rings, the Duke of Sutherland with the Duchess petite in a pink dress with large white polka dots and rows of magnificent pearls, and the Spanish Ambassador. The Portuguese Ambassador, whose lovely daughter Clara is such a good hostess at their Embassy, came on later.

I also saw the Austrian Ambassador and his charming wife Princess Schwarzenberg, very chic in two shades of blue. They also had a daughter and a son at the ball.

Others dining included Mr. George Whigham, who must have felt very proud of his lovely daughter and granddaughter, Frances's father Mr. Charles Sweeny, her young brother Mr. Bryan Sweeny, who had got leave from Ampleforth to come to London, Earl and Countess Cadogan and their daughter Lady Sarah Cadogan, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight and their débutante daughter Miss Camilla Straight, Prince d'Arenburg and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Douglas.

LORD BEAVERBROOK was there in tremendous form, also Mr. "Chips" Channon and his son Paul, the Earl of Warwick and his son Lord Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, the latter very chic in white, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCordquodale and their daughter Prue, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter very lovely in a sheath white satin dress embroidered in silver bugles, Countess Marco Fabio Crespi over from Italy for a short visit, looking charming in white, Col. and Mrs. John Ward, Vicomte d'Orthez, Sir Henry and Lady D'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting, Viscount Margesson, Joan Princess Aly Khan and the Hon. Lady Baillie.

After dinner, more guests began to stream in and dancing began. Soon after midnight there was a good cabaret given by the Deep River Boys, and later the Duke of Argyll's piper Ronald MacCullum played for reels. There was an exceptionally gay and happy atmosphere throughout, and young and old alike were obviously enjoying themselves. Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia were dancing together, Miss Hermione Faulkner, wearing the lovely dress she wore at her own coming-out ball, was there with her mother the Countess of Dundee and the Earl of Dundee, Lady Edith Foxwell, who came with her

[Continued overleaf]



HER MAJESTY leaving a twelfth-century wooden church at the Oslo Folk Museum, talking with the director, M. Reidar Kjellberg, and (below) with Prince Philip and M. Einar Bergsland, the Vice-President of the Norwegian Ski Association, on an informal visit to the Holmenkollen Hill ski jump





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## Continuing The Social Journal

## Ambassador guests at Princes Gate party

Whitelaw in green, very enthusiastic about her first season. She is having her coming-out dance at her parents' home in Scotland in September. These were just a few of the large number of 1955 débutantes thoroughly enjoying this party, which went on until the early hours.

★ ★ ★

MORE than two hundred guests came to the delightful At Home which Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher gave in their beautiful Princes Gate house. Mauve rhododendron flowers were arranged right up the stairs and summer flowers in both the big reception rooms. The host and hostess received at the top of the wide stairway, after which guests circulated between the two rooms.

Among those I met were the Argentine Ambassador, the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, Lord and Lady Mountevans talking to Madame Sylvia Salvesan who was over from Oslo, Lady Killearn in red talking to Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Sir Herbert and Lady Cohen, Lord and Lady Grantchester who also have a fine house in Princes Gate, Lady Pender, Lady Newall and Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell.

The following day Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher were at home to members of the China Society and their guests. This Society, which is non-political, was founded in 1906 to encourage study of the art, history, life, literature and language of the Chinese people. Mrs. Francis Fisher, who is also well known as explorer and traveller Violet Cressy Marks, has spent much time journeying in China and is a great authority on Chinese life and customs.

★ ★ ★

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE has kindly promised to attend the Special Performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Palace Theatre on July 20. This is being presented by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company with Peggy Ashcroft, John Gielgud and Moira Lister in the cast. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is the very hard-working chairman of this special performance which is in aid of the Building Fund of the Central School of Speech and Drama. Tickets, which vary in price from 3s. 6d. to 3 gns., may be obtained from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys at 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

THE Duchess of Argyll received guests in the drawing-room of her Grosvenor Street home before a committee meeting at which the Duke of Argyll presided. This was to discuss plans for the Highland Fund Ball, which is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel next Tuesday, July 12, and promises to be one of the most brilliant events of the season. It is to raise funds to help the crofting community in the Highlands, aid village industries and marketing schemes, and generally help preserve the basic life of the Highlands.

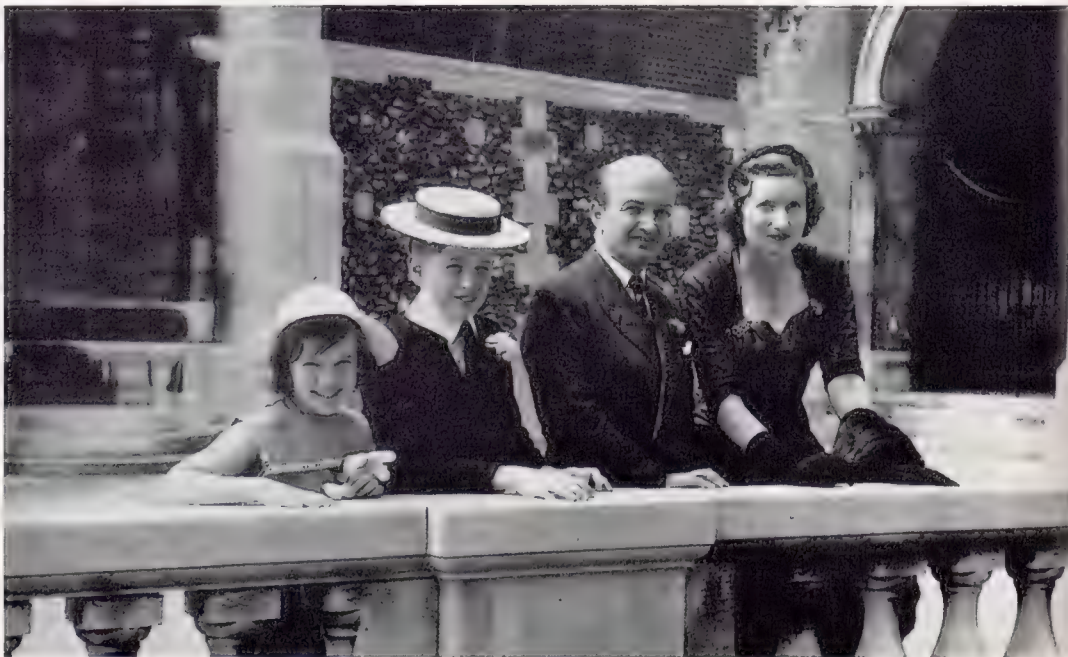
There is to be a pipe band as well as a good dance band at the ball, and a super tombola with no blanks! It was announced at the meeting that 260 tickets had already been sold. They can be had from the Duchess of Argyll, 79 Davies Street, W.1.



Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Watson, Miss Faye Watson and Simon Watson (Druries) in the yard in front of the old school. Behind is the steeple of the school chapel

## SPEECH DAY FESTIVITIES AT HARROW

MANY parents and friends visited Harrow School on speech day, when the Headmaster, Dr. R. L. James, entertained many distinguished visitors. Guests strolled through the gardens and the main event of the day was the cricket match against I Zingari. The game was drawn after some heavy scoring



Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Rogerson with their children Gloria and Michael Rogerson (West Acre) waiting to enter school hall for the speeches





Mrs. Anthony Waterlow and her son Nicholas Waterlow (Newlands) studying the programme



Viscount and Viscountess Anson and the Hon. Patrick Anson on the terrace after luncheon

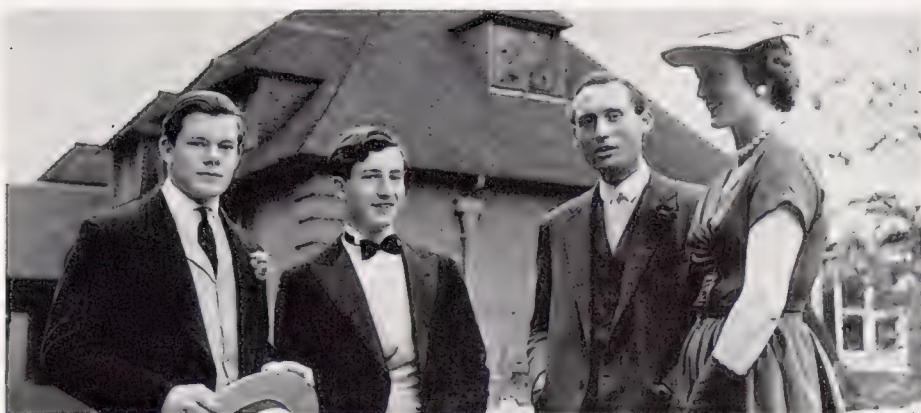


Miss Sheena Grosset, George Tremlett (Park), and Miss Susan Tremlett met on the terrace



Dr. R. L. James, the Headmaster, calling "Bill" which is the first preliminary of Speech Day. Here L. D. Webb is answering his name

M. K. Bourne (Park), P. G. Bailey (Park) and Major and Mrs. J. McSwiney enjoying the sunshine before speeches



Miss Ann Dury, Mrs. N. Dury, Mark Dury (The Grove) and Miss Susan Dury strolling in the gardens

Desmond O'Neill





THE GOLDEN AGE OF COACHING. In 1888 "Jem" Selby drove the "Old Times" from London to Brighton and back in 7 hours 50 minutes for the wager of £1,000 to £500 against it being accomplished in eight hours. (Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Bernard and Cyril Mills)

## THE GLORIES OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND

*MICHAEL FORSTER writes of the revival of interest in coaching. The fine art of four-in-hand driving has survived two world wars, and coaching marathons are now a feature of interest at most of the major horse and agricultural shows which are so popular during the summer*

I HAD always imagined that it was impossible to feel a more profound sense of my baseness, my wormlike servility, than to gaze up and meet the contemptuous eye of a horseman while my own feet were humbly planted in the dust. Alas, I have discovered an even more fertile field for my inferiority complex in recent years—I practically grovel on my belly rather than dare look up into the eyes of those lordly creatures on the boxseat of a coach! I who can return, defiant and unmoved, the stare of a man at the wheel of a 1955 Rolls-Royce.

My theory to account for the tremendous revival of interest in coaching and the art of four-in-hand driving since the war is nostalgia for the vanished dignity of Man—and it takes

a man to handle a team of four, spanking along at ten miles an hour.

As is fitting, those splendidly godlike creatures whom one sees in increasing numbers at Ascot, at point-to-points and even in the streets of London, mounted on the boxseats of coaches in all the glory of Beaufort blue morning coats, buff waistcoat, and grey topper, are members of what is probably the most exclusive club in the country, the Coaching Club of Great Britain. They are the spiritual descendants of those gentlemen amateur coachmen of the last century who paid for the privilege of taking a stage or two on the regular coaches.

The Club, which was formed in 1871 under the presidency of the then Duke of Beaufort, as a breakaway from the Four-in-Hand Club,

since defunct, numbers thirty-six members, both private and Regimental.

As an illustration of the fact that interest in coaching is not confined to prewar generations, one of the most enthusiastic of the Club coachmen is Mr. Abel Smith, a subaltern who usually drives the Regimental coach of the Royal Horse Guards in the coaching events at the major horse and agricultural shows.

Although lady members are not admitted to the Club, there are two outstandingly good lady "whips," Mrs. Josephine Ollivant, who is the daughter of a very well-known amateur coachman, Mr. H. J. Colebrook, and Mrs. Frank Haydon, and a young lady, Miss Christine Mossman, who is rapidly acquiring

MR. SEBASTIAN GILBEY driving his prize-winning coach at the Richmond Royal Horse Show







MR. GEORGE MOSSMAN driving his "Beaufort Hunt" coach on the open road near Cobham

some of the skill of her famous father, Mr. George Mossman.

REGULAR exhibitors, and award winners, number Sir Dymoke White of Southleigh Park, Mr. Tom Parker who farms in Hampshire, Mr. Sebastian Gilbey, and Mr. "Sandy" Watney, who drives the famous Red Rover coach. Mr. Gilbey, who informs me that he has only taken up driving in the last six or seven years, has this year captured three of the classic coaching awards at the Royal Windsor, Aldershot, and Richmond Shows. Both Mr. Gilbey and Mr. Watney drive their coaches to business throughout the year, and Mr. Watney is out in Hyde Park most mornings in the early hours. It is at once a chastening experience and a constant source of new members of Alcoholics Anonymous, for late night revellers to be overtaken from out of the early morning mists in the Park by a vehicle which properly belongs to a past century.

Mrs. Watney, to whom I am indebted for so much information on the subject of coaching, informs me that this year she and her husband plan a coaching holiday in the New Forest, driving where their whim takes them, and putting up at those inns which can still to this day offer stabling.

She herself has handled her husband's team, but she tells me that she finds it something of a strain, since the weight in the hand of the reins alone is something like twenty pounds; quite apart from the pull of the animals. So do not be misled by the seeming nonchalance of the good coachman, it conceals a consider-

able physical effort, and a very fine art. And a word which I am asked to pass on to prospective passengers on the boxseat—please don't engage the driver in light conversation, it is not appreciated!

At the Coaching Marathon to be held on July 19 at the International Horse Show at the White City, the first at this Show since before the war, it is expected that there will be a greater turn-out than in 1939. Almost certainly the three present Regimental Clubs, the Royal Horse Guards, the Royal Artillery (Sandhurst), and the Royal Army Service Corps, will be represented. In past days, most of the Cavalry regiments, and a number of infantry regiments ran their own coaches, but alas, their number has thinned, for reasons not altogether unconnected with the very high cost of coaching.

Exactly what the cost might be it is difficult to say, but I am told that although it is possible to buy a coach for anything between £50 and £200, it might well cost several hundred pounds to get it into show condition, and a good team of horses can cost up to £1,000.

The sight of one coach, in all the glory of glistening enamel, and gleaming brass and leather, is sufficiently thrilling, but on July 16 it will be possible to see a dozen or more, when the Coaching Club holds its annual meet at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at 11.30 a.m., before driving to the Hurlingham Club for lunch.

It is unlikely that many can aspire to the Olympian heights of membership of the

Coaching Club, since this requires that members shall own and drive their own coach and team, but it is possible for those who would wish to take a coach to Lord's, or to Ascot, or a local point-to-point to hire a coach and team, and a professional coachman from:

Mr. L. C. Lamerton, High Street, Ealing, London, W.5.

Mr. George Mossman, 4 Strathmore Ave., Luton, Beds.

Mr. R. Barley, Knightsbridge Riding School, 34 Queen's Gate Mews, London, S.W.7.

FOR those whose demands are more modest, a Coaching Club member, Mr. G. C. H. Matthey, has adopted a custom of the great amateur coachmen of the last century, and opened his coach to a few paying passengers on his drives through the countryside most weekends during the summer. His "Perseverance" road coach, which in days past used to do the London-Dorking run, leaves the Swan Hotel, Streatley-on-Thames, each Saturday and Sunday at 10.15 a.m., returning in time for lunch at 12.30 p.m.

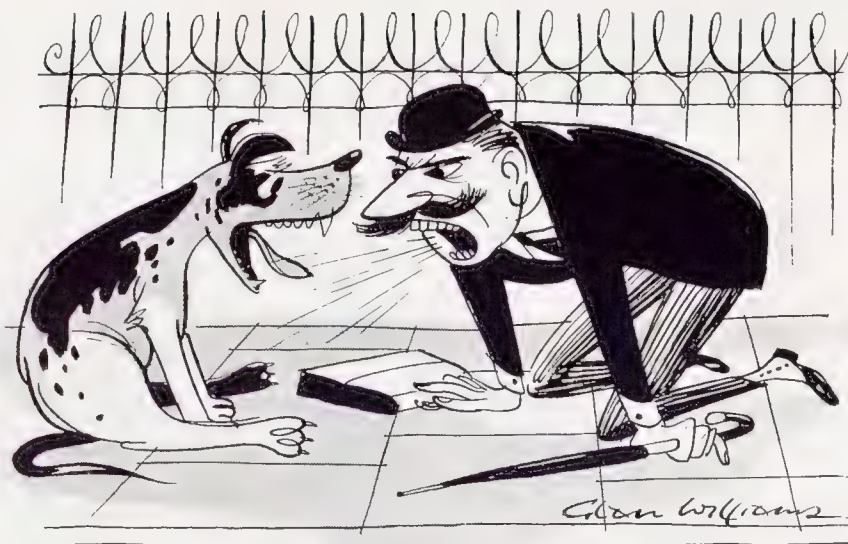
I myself have accepted the kind invitation of a Club member to join his coach for a run, and I hereby give fair warning that I cannot acknowledge the salutation of the dearest friend who might see me, for the gods of the boxseat cannot recognize the existence of lesser mortals.

In any case, I have so often grovelled at the sight of these mighty men, and women, of the road, that I want to get a bit of my own back, and see how it feels in the reverse rôle.



# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



"I suspect that barking is not the private kind of thing it used to be"

THEY looked like tired ambassadors, bored by the daily round of subtlety. Two wore decorations and sashes of orders on their dress clothes. The only incongruous note was that they had a fancy for brown boots.

The other three wore dinner jackets and spectacles and looked like something from the British Council.

They were all of them sad.

This was not because the occasion bore down on them—indeed, they were guests of honour and joint hosts at what should have been the night of their lives, a party given at the Savoy to celebrate the 10,000th time they have been together.

These venerable clowns, the Crazy Gang (they total 304 years between them), began in a party mood. They had invited their friends, among whom I number myself, to have fun.

The snag was that one of their friends is Princess Margaret. Being invited she came along in a bustle of enthusiasm, and she was welcome.

WITHIN five minutes of the arrival a sedateness settled on the scene. All the other guests began to behave as though they were junior members of a morticians' convention. They tiptoed through the polka.

The Princess knew, you could see it. But she couldn't leave, for that would have been impolite. So she sat in a corner chatting while Bud Flanagan, who was the only one of the Gang refusing to be beaten, tried to enliven his guests by singing on the microphone and leading them round the ballroom in caterpillar dances.

My fellow guests were trying to behave so well, and I felt sorry for the Princess, who must encounter this kind of embarrassment wherever she goes. She had to sit talking with her regular companions, while the Gang circulated in a desperate, dispirited way.

I was sad because I consider these men to be more than clowns. They are a national institution, as much

a London landmark as the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square.

And the oddest thing about it is this—they are all nice men. All.

BUD is the leader. He has that indefinable quality of leadership you can find in birdwatchers, generals and numismatists.

But since Bud hasn't the slightest intention of leading anybody anywhere he lends his talent to gentle living. He is a little remote from the others, but you get the clear impression they look up to him. When they go racing, he goes fishing. When they are talking he sits and thinks. Sometimes he just sits.

I remember once during the war he flew to Belgium to entertain the troops and, job done, he was put aboard a plane for home. He had lost his greatcoat and all he had to wear to keep out the cold was that ridiculous moth-eaten rag-bag of

rabbit fur he often used in his act. Aboard the plane he found that his only companions were a batch of captured German generals, brash, correct and monocol.

He told me about it later. "There was me, a blooming yid, and there was all the Herrenvolk!" he said. "Poor fellows," he added.

CHARLIE NAUGHTON is the card of the company. He has a crumpled face, all red like a baby about to cry, and when he smokes a cigar (I've never seen him without one) you get the impression it is bound to explode.

Charlie is the only one of the five who likes clowning off the stage. His pleasure is to turn up at a Park Lane hotel with his suit plastered with broad arrows.

Sometimes he likes to play football with baked potatoes at the supper club he uses.

He is an undefeated Glaswegian. Nor time, nor rust nor sorrow can ever diminish his allegiance to his native city.

Once he was married in Glasgow, forty or more years ago. The wedding party was gay and to his liking, but the beer quickly ran out and down went the bridegroom to the off licence for another crate.

He was heard of next a fortnight later. During his progress he let the matter of his marriage slip from his mind and caught a train for Cardiff, where he was found performing at a music hall.

His small Scots wife forgave him. She must have done, for they are still married and she is often with him for supper after the theatre. I think she likes him.

MY favourite of the Gang has always been Teddy Knox. He has the delicacy that belongs only to the great clown. Each movement he makes is instinctively graceful. He is a little, dapper man, though more courtly than dapper, perhaps, and his pleasure is found in racing. Three



"Tradition is good if you use it with vigour and enthusiasm"



years ago he won £15,000 with the Spring Double, and Jack Hylton his boss, who makes the most money and gives the worst tips of all the aficionados of the course I have ever known, now regards him with a new respect.

Teddy, with the small moustache and the greying hair, has only one master in the business of being graceful. Charlie Chaplin can't help it, either.

He once did a good thing. He went to entertain the troops and found that with his partner Jimmy Nervo he would be the first to cross the Siegfried Line, the first civilians of an entertaining type to enter Germany. But he would not have any credit from this achievement. He insisted that it should be kept quiet, so that an unknown concert party, called the Happy Go Lucky Company, should have the credit, for they needed the attention and he did not.

Jimmy Nervo is the aristocrat of the Gang. He can trace his ancestry in show business back three hundred years, longer than the Lupinos. Although he now wears rimless glasses and looks sedate his passion is fast cars.

I DON'T know much about that last, Jimmy Gold. He keeps himself to himself and Bud is the only one who knows what he does with his spare time. He says he used to be a painter and he still paints walls.

Teddy likes to juggle with plates with his sister Rosie, married to Sax Rohmer, inventor of Fu Manchu, Bud likes to fish, Charlie likes to drink in strange company, Jimmy likes fast cars, Jimmy Gold painting walls.

How can you understand clowns? They are unpredictable.

★ ★ ★

A FOREIGNER went to White's Club in St. James's Street and saw a man eating lunch wearing his bowler hat.

He was puzzled and it had to be explained to him that White's was originally a coffee house and no man would think of taking off his hat there. The man in the bowler was Lord Brabazon of Tara.

Tradition is good if you use it with vigour and enthusiasm.

Lord Brabazon was right, but he is not only a traditionalist, for I notice that he has been angry about the length of speeches in the House of Lords.

If one of their senior members begins to find himself bored, there is trouble in store.

★ ★ ★

MISS SALLY HERMAN, aged twenty-five, beat a sheepdog, a cocker spaniel and a collie at the curious business of barking, off-stage, for a television programme.

She said, "I bark mostly for my own amusement and occasionally at parties for my friends. I have never barked professionally before."

I do not know what this proves, but I suspect that barking is not the private kind of thing it used to be.



PETER MAY has in his first Test matches as England captain shown a tactical skill and wise use of resources which foreshadow a great career. That loosely used term "a born cricketer" is exact when applied to this six-footer of twenty-five, who has shone as a batsman ever since his Charterhouse days, successively with Berkshire (his home town is Reading), Cambridge and Surrey. He first played for England in 1951, and astonished everybody by making 138 at Leeds, also against South Africa. Since then he has steadily acquired stature and reputation, capped by his brilliant performance in the last Test series against Australia. This forcing batsman, essentially of the type "safe though all safety's lost," comes to the forefront at a time when the most frequent reproach of cricket is its dullness, to bring, let us not doubt, a revival from the top of its bold and insouciant spring



## IRISH DERBY AT CURRAGH

IN an exciting race, Mr. Joseph McGrath's Panaslipper beat Lady Ursula Vernon's Hugh Lupus by two lengths to win the Irish Derby at the Curragh, thereby confirming the Epsom form. This makes Mme. Volterra's Phil Drake an outstanding colt, particularly after his sensational Grand Prix de Paris win at Longchamp. Right: Mr. S. McGrath leading in his father's horse Panaslipper, with Jimmy Eddery up



Below: Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart (centre) with Major and Mrs. Oliver Chesterton

Below: The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Verney chatting to Viscountess and Viscount Suirddale



Cdr. Richard Mack discusses race form with Brig. Mark Roddick and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald

Lt.-Col. John Silcock at the meeting with Major and Mrs. Victor McCalmon!



## BLESSING IN DISGUISE

THE business man's off-stage racket," a description of racing for which we are indebted to Mr. Frank Brown, the former well-known G.R., in that amusing book *Sport From Within* (Hutchinson, 16s.), has probably benefited greatly by this enforced postponement of Ascot, even though it put any number of trainers' programmes out of joint. Ascot has always been too close on the heels of Epsom, and if this longer interval could be perpetuated, I feel sure it would be all to the good.

Getting a horse ready to run is a matter of exact timing, and even a few days delay may quite easily completely alter the picture. For instance, he may be fit to go for his life on Monday; on Tuesday he may be coughing with the customary temperature; by Wednesday he may not be fit enough to beat a costermonger's donkey; or again, he may have hit himself in his work, and if not actually lame, not very far off it. The expression "as strong as a horse" is quite often misleading, because that animal is really far from strong, and seems to have an unfortunate proclivity for picking up anything bad that is going just the same as you and I have.

The timing of his preparation is, therefore, a most important matter, and although recent regrettable events have hit many people very hard, it is quite likely that the training fraternity has had more than its fair share. The cautious backer of racehorses will, no doubt, take note of this fact. Horses are not like motor-cars, or even railway engines; far from it.

IN spite of his performance in the Derby, which to put it very mildly was mediocre, there are obviously many people only too ready to give Acropolis another chance. It is always an unwelcome and thankless job to pour cold water on anyone's enthusiasm, but unless this colt has improved by a good many pounds, I think he must be judged upon what happened at Epsom. He finished four and a half lengths behind Phil Drake, the crack French colt, who was not able even to begin to race until he was on the flat, his "steep" shoulders making it difficult for him to come down stairs to Tattenham Corner. Acropolis was under no such disadvantage, and was very well placed for the kill, if he had been good enough. He was not.

However, do not be put off if your information is better than mine, which, of course, it may be!

THE facts, as related in a contemporary about Her Majesty's earliest contact with fox hunting were not quite correct, and I have the real story from my friend George Drummond, who was there when the incident happened in the Pychley country. George Drummond's story is this: "What happened was that Princess Elizabeth, with her mother holding her pony, was in a corner of Boughton Covert and the fox which was there found could not have given a better performance, as Frank Freeman said, 'if we had had him in a string.'"

"After he went away he passed right under the nose of the Princess's pony and jumped on to a wall after giving his Royal audience the once over; then made straight across the middle of the adjoining ploughed field, circling to the right before disappearing from view."

"Freeman laid his hounds on in a flash, coming straight to the Royal, and other, hollas. When the field debouched from the covert they saw, to their amazement, that they were being led by a small child on a pony! . . ."

That was the real scene. The then Duke and Duchess of York and their daughter were then staying at Pitsford with George Drummond, who was a legendary figure in the Pychley country, and one of the best men who ever crossed it.

— SABRETACHE





*Top: Mr. Norman Holbrow and Miss Caryll Sandars were on their way to the show ring. Above: Lady Farquhar in close conversation with the Duchess of Beaufort*

## PUPPY SHOW AT SPYE PARK

THE Avon Vale Foxhounds Puppy Show at Spye Park, near Chippenham, took place in fine weather, when Capt. and Lady Avice Spicer were the hosts. Above, Major Gerald Gundry and Capt. Frank Spicer watch the judges, Sir Peter Farquhar and the Duke of Beaufort



*Above: Miss Daphne Moore and Major C. Hilton-Green, Master of the Craven Hunt*

*Right: Mrs. Peter Shepherd-Cross was taking some photographs of her sons, David and Henry*







## Priscilla in Paris

# The great debate

HORSELOVERS' WEEK in the French capital included the famous Grand Steeplechase de Paris at Auteuil, in which the field is seen coming over the water-jump opposite the stands for the second time. Early Mist and Lucky Dome were runners

I HAVE the impression that Paris is donning the slightly gaudy motley that she flaunts for summer visitors rather earlier than usual this year. This may be because four consecutive days—at time of writing—of really gorgeous weather have gone to our heads and we are inclined, at least superficially, to see life in a golden haze although, deep in our hearts, there is sorrow.

The discussions, universally recorded by the Press, that are still following the terrible accident at Le Mans, seem pointless. We can only deplore, without even the paltry satisfaction of being able to say "somebody blundered." The somebodies are too numerous, they belong to the civilisation that is destroying us. Since it is not my affair to moralise on such an immensely profound and serious topic I must only say that it seems to me that automobile races are an encumbrance.

What good does it bring any of us to know that certain cars can cover 300 kilometres an hour when, overwhelmed by the mass of motor vehicles that render Paris, and all big cities, almost impenetrable, the only advice that the bewildered and desperate authorities can give us is: "Take a bus or the Metro"?

Most of us who have daily jobs obey. We all—jobs or not—do a good deal of pavement pounding which may be hard on the feet but good for the figure. On great occasions we take taxis, of which there is, as the Cranford ladies would put it, a "pleasant sufficiency."

THE *bateaux-Mouche* ("Mouche" being the name of the founder; the boats do not resemble flies!) are navigating again. At stated hours up and down the Seine they ply laden with sightseers and lovers who, to quote from one of Patachou's enchanting little songs, "*se bécotlent sur les bancs!*" It is a pleasant way of seeing Paris from the river and, as dusk falls, being sentimental. A pastime for youngsters and for oldsters remembrance of a happy time past. Unless one is in a holiday and slightly romantic mood, therefore, it is better to stay home . . . and knit bed-socks.

The start of the cruise is at the Solferino Bridge. The evening boat, with its glass-enclosed upper deck that can be opened or shut *à volonté*, has an excellent chef and one can dine aboard.

Paris from the air is a magnificent sight also. Farther afield, floodlit Versailles enchants

us and, farther still, the chateaux of the Loire. Sightseeing flights are conveniently arranged throughout the summer. . . . Indeed, why have a car at all unless for auld acquaintance' sake, when they are like my elderly Elegant Elizabeth and her young British friend, Carlotta, two ladies of charm and distinction with not the slightest desire to cavort at more than fifty miles an hour.

A FEW weeks past I wrote of the death of Miquel Zamacoïs, the eighty-nine-year-old poet. Two more grand old personages have departed to join him in the Elysian fields: the poetess, Madame Jane Catulle-Mendès, whom I remember seeing long ago as a very elderly but still beautiful woman, and M. Raoul Gunsbourg who, for many years, was the famous director of the Monte Carlo Opera House. He also composed an opera, *Le Vieil Aigle*, that was created by Chaliapine.

Mme. Mendès was ninety-eight, M. Gunsbourg a mere ninety-two. As the French say: "*les Arts préservent*," but what about "*ars longa, vita brevis*"?

OUR theatres are going all summery earlier than usual also. Serious plays are coming off, gay-naughty little revues are going on, such as *Paris-galant* at the band-box Capucines Theatre. Most of these are of the strip-tease variety with more strip than tease.

Visiting linguists may well regret the wit and humour of Rip's revues in the old days, but Rip died before the war and no one has come near replacing him. Irascible diéhardes pretend that such humour would be above the heads of the average spectators of to-day. These ill-tempered critics are wrong, however, since practically all the *boîtes* run by those clever, satirical songsters, known to all as *les chansonniers*, are packed every evening.

Even Parisians must be quick on the uptake to catch the subtlety of their usually mirth-making innuendo, but the mirth is contagious and under its cover Monsieur Durand says to Monsieur Dupont (just like Mister Smith to Mister Jones), "*What did they say?*"

## Fête Galante

● At the Neuilly fair the young bloods who wished to do so were allowed to measure the circumference of the fat woman's thigh. "One presumes," said an onlooker, "that madame is what one calls a 'ham actress'?"



General Pelletier hands Miss Pat Smythe the Air France Cup for the runner-up in the Grand Prix at the International Horse Show in Paris, which took place at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées



Miss Dawn Palethorpe receives from Miss Jebb, daughter of the British Ambassador, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the Carven Cup, awarded for the best all-round performance in the international trials

Paul de Cordon





Eric Coop

"A party has been arranged . . . ."

DIANA AND ANNE, here wearing their charming party dresses, are the daughters of Lt.-Col. Charles Hyde Villiers, M.C., and Mrs. Hyde Villiers, of Chester Square. Diana (right) is eight, and Anne five years of age. Their father, son of the late Mr. Algernon Hyde Villiers and of Lady Aldenham, is a kinsman of the Earl of Clarendon. Mrs. Villiers is a daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de la Barre, and a niece of the Marquis du Parc-Locmaria, Belgian Ambassador in London.





## At the Theatre

# A greenwood stage

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

NOT many of us really believe that Shakespeare acts better in natural surroundings than amid painted scenery. Yet it is more than twenty years ago that the intrepid Mr. Sydney Carroll started the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, and there it is still part of the London summer scene. At least it has found acceptance as an agreeable way to spend an evening in a deck-chair.

But this would be a niggardly way to account for its survival through so many good summers and bad, and in recent years some have been atrociously bad.

The truth is that the theatre has managed to put down roots just sufficient to hold it up.

It has won the faithful support of the few who see the play being performed less as a play than a pretext for hearing the familiar verse spoken out loud. It has also won the support of the schoolchildren, who reckon the chance of a wetting as nothing to set against the fun they get from the proceedings. And then it has the support of a great number of fair-weather friends. They are drawn in partly because they think the evening is going to be fine and

warm, partly because they find it hard to resist Shakespeare, however he is played, and still more because they know that Mr. Robert Atkins can be trusted to make the best of his stage.

FOR the intrepid Mr. Carroll found a successor no less intrepid than himself. Mr. Atkins, during his time at Regent's Park, has had to face all sorts of hazards. But he has a good share of the robust, sanguine spirit of the Elizabethan theatre men who knew that even if rain did not drench the Globe groundlings, there was sure to be bear-baiting or some equally formidable counter-attraction round the corner.

Theatrical enterprise is always threatened by something, and Mr. Atkins has carried on as calmly as possible. Meanwhile, he has learned all the essential tricks of this open-air playing. He sets his players just that loose rhythm of movement and that seeming naturalness of speech that suits the broad greensward stage.

If any play of Shakespeare's might conceivably have been written for open-air performance it is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which has just been added to the season's repertory. It has the profusion of dance and song, the picturesque staging and pretty costumes, the sprinkling of courtly compliment, the piquant contrast of poetry and clowning, which were the delight of the nobles and maids of London who assembled at Gloriana's Palace of Greenwich.

WE can easily suppose that this time they assembled in the open air in the course of some wedding festivity, and I hope they had as fine a night as I chose for my visit to Regent's Park. There is no need to pretend that nature did not become, as it must in any play presented amid natural surroundings, the star performer.

Clouds of thistledown and bursts of bird-song and passing aeroplanes competed for attraction with the stage Athenians; yet when, day fading into night, the stage was brilliantly floodlit, there were some moments of moonlit magic which made the evening pleasant to remember.

The company are nicely balanced between age and youth. Miss Hilda Schroder and Miss Ann Morrish, Mr. Christopher Fettes and Mr. James Maxwell are good fun as the bewitched lovers, and Mr. Tristan Rawson gives Egeus his due importance as the hide-bound father who is the cause of the young people's discomfiture.

MR. ROBERT EDDISON, who in his dark-blue cloak scattered with stars, makes Oberon a rather terrifying figure, speaks the verse beautifully, and Miss June Bailey is a youthful Titania who is clearly no match for her tormentor.

The most considerable piece of acting comes, of course, from Mr. Atkins, whose Bottom the Weaver is well ripened with long experience. He is particularly happy in his suggestion that it is not just the Weaver's conceit that makes him want to play every part in the play himself. The fellow may be an ass, but he is the only one of the company who shows any passion for the drama itself. The notion of moving and thrilling an audience sets his imagination on fire, stirs the artist in him, which Puck and the midnight moon are to reveal still further and confound. Mr. Arthur White is a lively Puck and Mr. Russell Thorndike a pleasingly absurd Quince.



OBERON (Robert Eddison) has some rather bat-like characteristics



DOWN THE WOODLAND PATH. Titania (June Bailey) leads the transmogrified Bottom (Robert Atkins), while Quince (Russell Thorndike) takes protective action with a handy wooden stool in case his old friend exhibits a sudden desire to bolt

Emmwood





ALFRED DRAKE, in his role of Hajj the poet-beggar in *Kismet*, at the Stoll, has brought from America to the London stage something long and fondly remembered, but scarcely deemed revivable—a hero of romantic costume musical who dominates his setting by sheer stage presence and natural magnetism. Dramatic skill (though he has plenty) is not enough in such a case. Personality of a type not readily bred in our scientific and subfusc age is the touchstone, and this he provides. So comes about the situation, as ironic as anything contrived on the boards, that the last leading man at the Stoll, before it is turned into offices, heads and surprises a full-blooded and triumphant production

### London Limelight

## Very subfusc lion

MR. GILBERT HARDING seemed melancholy at the presentation of *The Lion in the Lighthouse*, at the Embassy, which displays an irascible television lion roaring for his supper. This was not altogether surprising, for the idea of showing the public a back-stage view of TV is not new—*Simon and Laura* was a brighter version—and this latest farce could only have been saved by one panacea.

If Mr. Harding had played Mr. Harding the show might have sprung to life. As it was, the evening teetered and tittered from pages 1 to 100 of the *Bumper Fun Book* for 1921, which was the year in which Mr. Lynn, if I remember, first debagged Mr. Hare. Mr. Kendall spluttered, not always audibly, through a series of comical jests and devices, but it was clear that he and we knew that the copyright was registered long ago and far away.

MONSIEUR FERNAND MAILLET, the conductor of Les Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois, at the Palace, has a lot of the gnomonic charm of the late lamented Nikita Balieff, of the Chauve Souris. It seems almost an incidental that he is a genius at controlling his choir of French gamins and making them sing as might a chorus of cherubs dreamed of by Haydn in Paradise. Even when they descended from Elysium to sing "Danny Boy" and "White Christmas" they brought a new grace to banality.

But at their best, for example in Rameau's "La Nuit," they provide moments of enchantment to be stored gratefully in the mind's ear.

The elder brethren, so to speak, who provide the second half of the evening's

pleasure, are our old friends the Compagnons de la Chanson, nine men who have perfected their own amalgam of singing and miming. I was sad that they had elected to do into English speakings an old favourite, "Les Yeux de ma Mère," and they were unlucky in their lighting, which has been very good in the past, but the team provided most royal compensations in "Le Roi Dagobert," and a new item "Le Violon de Tante Estelle."

Neither of these vocal teams can hope to cater for audiences of crooner intelligence. Their tentative feelers inrother that world are the only lukewarm pleasures in a programme which often touches considerable peaks of happiness without alloy.



Henry Kendall as the greater carnivore who roars never so softly in *Lion in the Lighthouse*

"THE NIGHT OF 100 STARS" at the Palladium proved, as did many of its precursors, a chocolate-box occasion full of too many bright packages with over-sweet centres, which makes for poor digestion. But there were moments of triumph, as when Mr. Justice Edwardes silenced D. Wolfit, Q.C., and Sonny Hale and Jessie Matthews brought a lump into our ageing throats in "A Room with a View." Bea Lillie scored top marks by demonstrating the technique of turning a barn into a boudoir. She was among the few, the very few, who kept their professional feet squarely on the gilded ground.

—Youngman Carter





LOIS SMITH, a newcomer to Hollywood, who takes the part of Spurs O'Brien in *Strange Lady in Town*, starring Greer Garson and Dana Andrews. Miss Smith plays the doctor's out-of-doors daughter, who falls in love with the ne'er-do-well brother of her father's woman rival

At the Pictures

Elsbeth Grant

## THE RESURGENCE OF GARBO

M.-G.-M. have revived *Camille*—and with it a nagging suspicion that movie-going some twenty years back was a far more rewarding pastime than it is now, when screen acreage seems more important than story content and panorama takes precedence of the players.

*Camille* first reduced me to floods of tears in 1936, a golden year in the cinema.

In this film Garbo is at the very height of her power and beauty. It is a power that comes entirely from within and a beauty that is less of the flesh than of the spirit. No other actress has ever possessed the same magical quality—I think none ever will. We've often heard that Garbo wished to be alone. Well, she is alone: she is unique, incomparable, peerless.

THE story is that of *La Dame aux Camelias*. Camille is a prostitute (the film, with commendable frankness, makes no bones about that—and no excuses, either), living the gay life in the Paris of the 1850's. She has a cough and, as the look in her eyes reveals, a foreknowledge of doom—so, laughing her strange mirthless laughter, she gathers her rosebuds and her *louis d'or* while she may.

Then, for the first time in her life, she falls in love—with Armand Duval (Mr. Robert Taylor, the picture of vulnerable youth), who could not possibly afford to keep her in the luxury to which, at the expense of the viperish Baron de Varville, she has become accustomed, but who succeeds in persuading her to come away with him to the country, where for a time they are idyllically happy.

Admittedly the story is hackneyed, but Mr. George Cukor's direction seemed to me

fresh and masterly. I may be wrong, for in the radiant presence of Garbo my critical faculty is numb. I am defenceless. I fall before her.

To the charms of Miss Greer Garson, on the other hand, I find I can put up a pretty stiff resistance. Where Garbo invariably became, to the roots of her being, the character she was playing, Miss Garson just



THE LADY DOCTOR (Greer Garson) with Pesco, her familiar friend, in *Strange Lady in Town*

never stops being Miss Garson. She brings the same invincible gentility to every part.

In *Strange Lady in Town* she is supposed to be a woman doctor, period 1880, who sets up practice in Santa Fé, to the profound annoyance of Mr. Dana Andrews, the long-established local medico. He doesn't hold with women in medicine, and she is frightfully uppity and scornful about doctors who don't believe in Lister's theories and carbolic. The pair of them snarl and fight until one can't wait for them to get married and go away—to bore one another

to death out of sight, in the decent privacy of a joint surgery.

Mr. Andrews has an adolescent daughter called Spurs (Miss Lois Smith), a rather engagingly gawky, self-willed pretty-puss with a quack-quack voice that would make a garrotter of me if I had to live with it. Miss Garson has a brother called David (Mr. Cameron Mitchell) who smiles and smiles and cheats at cards and is a cattle thief. From time to time, in the intervals between effecting miracle cures, Miss Garson warns Spurs against falling in love with David; one gathers that, having removed a bullet from the bosom of a gentleman whom he impulsively shot, she knows her brother is quite a wild boy. Her shocked amazement when he comes to a sticky end shortly before the film does is, therefore, hard to take. But, then, so is the whole thing.

As Edwin Booth, America's greatest actor, son of the fabulous Junius Brutus Booth and brother of President Lincoln's assassin, Mr. Richard Burton has, in *Prince of Players*, a splendid opportunity to show cinema audiences what he can do with Shakespeare. He takes it splendidly—giving you, if not as promised "the damn'dest Richard III. you ever saw," at least a striking one, in addition to a tender, though slightly tipsy, Romeo and a noble Hamlet.

Miss Maggie McNamara is gentle and appealing as his wife, Mr. John Derek is handsome and wild-eyed as his brother—the frustrated actor, and Mr. Raymond Massey, as Junius Booth, has a certain magnificence of his own.

Well-written, well-directed by Mr. Philip Dunne, here is a film which successfully combines the cinematic with the theatrical—in CinemaScope and colour by De Luxe.



## Television

### OUTDOOR WHIRL

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

SUMMER is the season for Outside Broadcasts, and an eventful week opens with a three-day outing on an aircraft-carrier. Last year TV took us on a N.A.T.O. naval exercise. To-night we set out on the flight-deck of H.M.S. Bulwark, at sea off the Isle of Wight. To-morrow's flying operations will start with a rescue by helicopter. Friday's outing is admittedly a Variety Show staged in the ship's hangar.

In search of "Buried Treasure" on Monday, producer Paul Johnstone will lead us to the long barrow at West Kennet, to be in at an actual "dig" when some ancient relic might be exhumed before the camera's eyes and ours.

Other O.B.s promise outings to the Royal Show, the Third Test, the Open Championship at St. Andrews, the Eisteddfod at Llangollen, and Ascot. An Outside Broadcast of an important indoor event will attend to-morrow's dinner of the English-Speaking Union, with the Prime Minister's speech.

INDOOR events promise a display of the best in TV acting. As the schoolmaster in Terence Rattigan's *The Browning Version* (Tuesday), Peter Cushing challenges the superb performances of Eric Portman on the stage and Michael Redgrave in the film version.

For myself the event of the week may well be the second edition of "Secombe Here" (Saturday). In the first, Harry Secombe proved two important impossibilities: that goons can survive television and sing grand opera, too.

## The gramophone

### GOOD COMPANIONS

—Robert Tredinnick

CURRENTLY that exceptional group of singers, *Les Compagnons De La Chanson*, are once again delighting London with their simple and polished presentation, and there will be many who will enjoy a recently released Extended Play from *Les Compagnons*, on which they sing "Je Crois en toi," "Quelque part—deux amants," "Mes jeunes années" and Mouloudji's "Comme un p'tit coquelicot." Here is a recording of considerable enchantment. (Columbia SEG. 7583.)

Time was when Marlene Dietrich, Greta Keller and Ruth Etting cooed huskily and with effect into the grooves, and it is just possible that a portion of the mantle of their success may fall on the shoulders of the beautiful Greek singer Kitza Kazacos, who offers four songs, all sung in Greek. They are "The Fisherman's Daughter," "Sweet Whispers," "There's no End to My Love" and "The Reason Why."

THIS much-travelled cabaret singer has a warm glow in her voice that is at once as distinctive as it is acceptable, and it is the interpretation she gives to her songs that completely wipes out any obstacle modern Greek may hold for those who hear her. It is said that the Greeks have a word for everything; in the case of Kitza Kazacos that word can only be allure! (M.G.M. 3060-3061.)



Paul Tanguay

SHELAGH FRASER, here in sea-going kit, is one of the most charming actresses in British films, and in the current *Raising a Riot* has enormous success in the role of wife to Kenneth More. She is also familiar to TV audiences by her appearance opposite Bruce Seton in the film series, "Fabian of Scotland Yard," which has a wide appeal for the amateur detective. With Billy Thatcher, she is the author of a children's book, *Tai Lu Flies Abroad*, which is to be published by Chatto and Windus.



## DEBUTANTE SEASON WITH THE DUCHESSES

THE ball which the Duchess of Argyll gave for her debutante daughter at Claridge's was an event to mark the mid-season of 1955 indelibly in the memory, and to compensate the guests for many of the disappointments which have otherwise attended the season.

*Mrs. Charles St. George in conversation at a candlelit table with Mr. Donald Lane*



*Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks with Princess Sandra Torlonia, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria Eugenie*



*The Duke of Sutherland with the Earl of Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland*



*Viscount Weymouth, son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, with Miss Richenda Gurney*

*Below: Mrs. William Zeitz and Mrs. Jonathan Duncan with their hostess, the Duchess of Argyll, who herself, as Miss Margaret Whigham, had a most memorable coming-out ball*





# REACHED ITS PEAK OF ARGYLL'S BALL

MISS FRANCES SWEENEY, who is seen (right) awaiting her guests, is, as was her mother in the early 1930's, an outstanding debutante, and with her friends danced until after daybreak. A description of this splendidly organised ball is given by Jennifer on pp. 7 and 8

*The Duke of Marlborough and Mrs. Sidney Beer, who had come over from Paris*



F. J. Goodman

*Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, wife of the racehorse owner, was a supper companion of Lord Willoughby de Broke*





Standing By . . .

## Blue nights at sea

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF the increasing number of flashing and winking lights of various colours everywhere is bad for motorists, as was lately remarked in the Commons, it is worse for skippers of small yachts trying to pick up their shore-lights from the Channel at night amid a variegated and bewildering dazzle.

For this reason sailors of this kind sometimes run on to reefs, shoals, and sandbanks. Looking on the brighter side, one may reflect that by so doing they probably avoid worse dangers ashore, such as crimps, thugs, loose women, decoys, drink, gambling, and other traps for mariners. We pointed this out one windy night at sea to the skipper of a 10-ton ketch desirous of making Bognor Regis, urging him to go about for Newhaven instead. "By so doing, sir, begging your pardon," we said earnestly, "we shall yet escape worse perils than running aground, as honest Jack Rattlin here will testify." "I warrant you, sir, this simple untutored fellow speaks plain truth," cried Honest Jack, a very decent member of the Stock Exchange, with emotion. "The trulls and harpies of yonder Babylon have brought many a good seaman to the grave with shame—aye, and many a seaman's poor old widowed mother, too." "Give me your hands, my humble friends," cried our captain, shedding tears. "I perceive that in your rough bosoms beat hearts of true and manly British virtue." After the singing of *Shipmate O' Mine* we then went about for Newhaven, where a Channel steamer missed us by inches.

Meanwhile the lights problem seems insoluble. Fortunately there are plenty of sailing clubs and plenty of sailors, heaps and heaps of sailors. However, something might be done, some time.

### Faëry

WHY one of the most popular books in Russia at this moment should be (as Moscow Radio lately announced) *Three Men in a Boat* is no great enigma. The brooding Slav loves a good fantastic fairy-tale.

For the brooding Slav, like other people, undoubtedly assumes that Jerome K. Jerome was shooting a line, since nothing—not even income-tax at 8d. in the £—worries his three jolly chaps as they loaf up and down the peaceful summery Thames of the 1890's. Nobody shoves forms in their faces or orders them about, no marks dog their footsteps; there is nobody in the story corresponding to the Welfare State or the wicked Russian fairy Baba-Yaga, who now bosses the world. We once met Jerome towards the end of his life, a venerably white-haired, benevolently ironic old figure, like an aged French abbé. He assured us the whole story is what is nowadays called "strictly factual." Income-tax at 8d. was, he admitted, a cloud in the sky, but chaps of the period refused to let it embitter their lives. There was something rather splendid about the Race at that time, he said, and quoted Stevenson's "true-blue and blade-straight."

Another burden the Race bore with dauntless courage in the 1890's, apparently, was the fact that little Soho restaurants where you got a very good cheap dinner closed down some time after midnight. "But we did not whimper," Jerome said, waving his stick. "We were men."

### Shuteye

SLEEPING in a third-class waiting-room during a railway strike is not trespass, a London magistrate has decided. Many glazed and sunken eyes at the Critics' Circle are bright with satisfaction, our spies report.

Theatres were first used by critics as regular dormitories, so far as we can discover, in Paris in the 1870's, when the eminent Sarcey of *Le Temps* began dropping off nightly. In our own time the late James ("Boss") Agate enjoyed many a refreshing nap in the stalls, as we can testify. Nowadays critics have learned to fool the public by sleeping with their eyes open, like cobras. The question of trespass arose in the test-case of *Mouse v. Frivolity Theatre, Ltd.* (1922), when a sleeping critic tossed into the bin by the cleaners next morning was awarded £2 damages and cleared of trespassing after a significant admission by the lessee and manager, Mr. Courtly, as follows:

Mr. Boom, K.C.: You have heard that the play had utterly worn him out, poor fellow. I take it you gave him the usual free stimulants beforehand?—No.

Mr. Boom: What! No first-night drinks on the house?—The West End Theatre Managers' Association put a stop to all that about a year ago.

Mr. Justice Garble (warmly): If that is true, Mr. Boom, they will earn the execration of a proud, free, and humane people, who may yet arise and tear their natty pants off.

Public indignation was actually confined, as usual, to a low, indistinct mumbling, but when anybody criticises a critic in your hearing we ask you to bear the vital fact above in mind. It has meant a great deal to British drama.

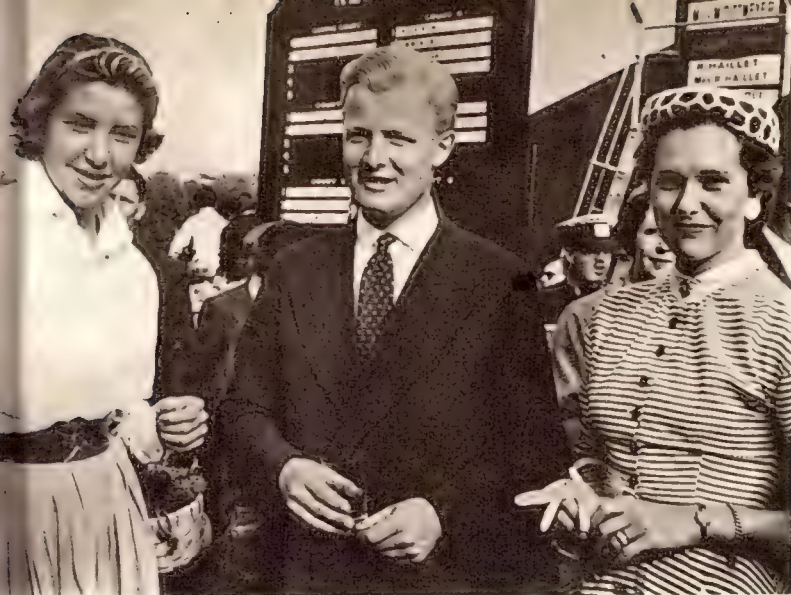


BRIGGS~~~~~by Graham



HARGREAVES.





*Mrs. Heather Brewer, from Jamaica, with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Heaton, who live at Cirencester*

The TATLER  
and Bystander  
JULY 6, 1955

27



*Miss Sonja Ivory, the Countess of Ronaldshay, and Mrs. Teddy Bostock watching a game in progress on an outside court*



*Miss-L. Pericoli, of Italy, in play against Miss J. D. E. Riba, of Spain, typifies the grace, speed and skill of the present-day lawn tennis player*

## RECORD CROWDS AT WIMBLEDON

THE lure of Wimbledon increases and this year many people failed to get tickets. This was undoubtedly due to the open nature of this year's championships and the indefinable attraction of the Centre Court



*Mrs. Kurt Nielsen, Mrs. Enriques Morea, Mrs. Tony Trabert and Mrs. Vic Seixas*



*Miss Doris Hart, who was seeded No. 1, with Miss Arvilla McGuire, from the United States*



*Miss Beth Ruffin (Australia), with the Hon.C.N.O. Ritchie*



## BALL BECAME CELEBRATION AFTER WINCHESTER VICTORY

**F**OR the first time in thirty-five years Winchester beat Eton at home in the annual cricket match, after a most sporting and adventurous game. Afterwards a ball was held in the Museum, where, with high spirits and good humour, the guests and losers shared in the jubilant feelings of their victorious hosts



*Winchester's last pair, D. E. D. Campbell and P. R. Stevens, returning to the pavilion. Both schools declared in the first innings, and after some spirited play by both sides, Winchester won by seven wickets*



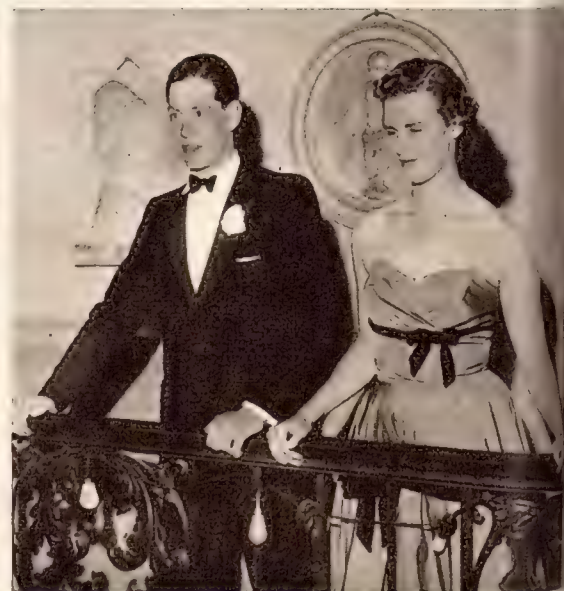
*The Hon. Malcolm Mitchell-Thomson and Miss Susan Titley walking near the Tudor house which is now the College infirmary*



*Mr. A. Ridley and Mr. J. Macdonald provided music with drum and clarinet*



*Miss Cynthia Hurst had as partner in a fox-trot Mr. J. C. McCall*

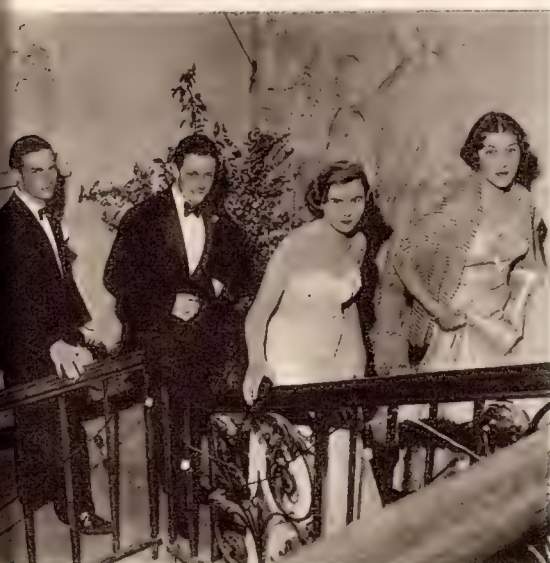


*Mr. C. A. A. Black, who bowled for Winchester, with Miss Shirley van Moppes*





*Mr. Richard Thomas, Miss Griselda Garforth, Mr. Jeremy McLachlan, Miss Anna Hurst, Miss R. Payne and Mr. Julian Walker*



*Mr. Andrew Palmer, Mr. Frank Debenham, the Hon. Anastasia Ashbrooke-Harter and Miss Esmeralda Debenham had just arrived*



*Miss Jane Perry, Mr. Ninian Eadie, Senior Prefect of "A" House, Miss Jill Dutton and Mr. Kit Layman were watching from the balcony the arrival of a party of their friends during the course of the evening*



*Miss Naomi Mallock, Mr. W. J. W. Boulton, Miss Tessa Kaye and Mr. C. E. J. Mallock*



*Col. and Mrs. W. P. Reed, Mr. B. L. Reed, top-scoring batsman, and Miss V. Robinson*



*Mr. R. Trench-Fox, Miss S. Lee, Miss F. Clark and Mr. M. Freeman*

*Van Hallan*

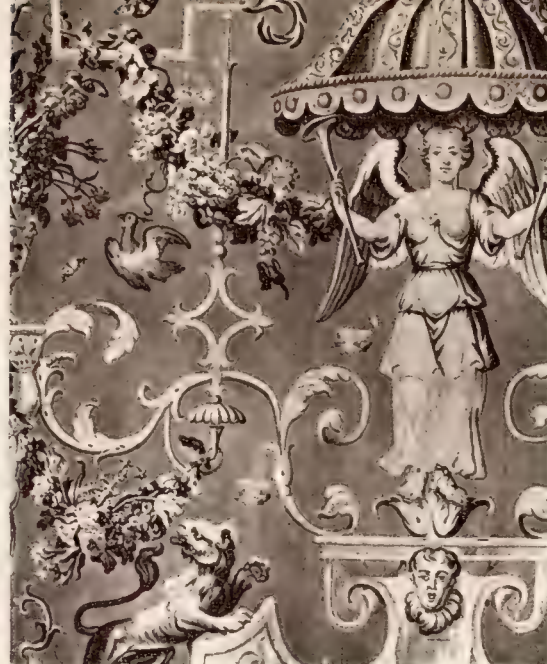




The TATLER and Bystander,  
JULY 6, 1955  
30

COLLECTOR'S GEM might well serve as a description of *The Concise Encyclopædia of Antiques*, Vol. II. (The Connoisseur; £2 2s.), edited by L. G. G. Ramsey, F.S.A. From this invaluable guide to a bewildering countryside are reproduced (left) a secretaire, made by J. H. Riesener in 1780 for Marie Antoinette, from the Wallace Collection, and (right) an Arabesque, Soho, tapestry by Joshua Morris, c. 1725, at the Pelham Galleries

## Book Reviews by Elizabeth Bowen



# SHARP WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

THE new Evelyn Waugh novel, *OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN* (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.), is a continuation of *Men at Arms*. Further, it rounds off—or, as the author tells us, completes—its predecessor. "I thought at first," he says, "that the story would run into three volumes. I find that two will do the trick. If I keep my faculties I hope to follow the fortunes of the characters through the whole of their war, but these two books constitute a whole."

*Officers and Gentlemen* is a Waugh novel rather than a war novel. (The author's surname makes unavoidable what I hope will not be seen as a pert pun: I risk that for the sake of the statement.) The bite and quality of his mind, the fundamental charity of his judgments and the dynamic energy he can inject into a story have seldom been more in evidence.

Whatever their fortunes, his characters remain themselves—incised with an extreme clearness. Much of the action in which they are involved is in the nature of a phantasmagoric dream; the personalities of those taking part remain distinct from it—whereas in the average war novel the theme itself tends to submerge all else.

FINALLY, *Officers and Gentlemen* is a comedy—a comedy which incorporates what is tragic without a jar to feeling or flaw in taste. I am certain that no writer other than Evelyn Waugh could have brought this off.

This is a savage satire, but at the expense of situations rather than of persons. As a criticism of the conduct of some parts of World War II, *Officers and Gentlemen* gains, by the almost devastating lightness of its manner and the light-heartedness of some contrasting episodes. Throughout the story there is a liability to be struck by mirth, and successive pages are unbearably funny. But also there is—as in all the latest and I think finest novels of Mr. Waugh—a vehement, often-angered romanticism. He shows us the abuse and rendering-down of heroicism by the negative forces of sheer muddle. One of his characters cracks outright.

Largely, we are this time with the Commandos—in training on the Scottish Isle of Mugg, in waiting at Alexandria, and landed too late for action on Crete. Guy Crouchback, recalled from Africa "under a cloud" (for the reason, turn back to *Men at Arms*), finds little in London except the blitz and low tempo at the Halberdier barracks.

AN order to report at Hazardous Offensive Operations Headquarters opens a further chapter—temporary attachment for training purposes X Commando.

"Report to Colonel Blackhouse at Mugg."

"Tommy Blackhouse?"

"Friend of yours?"

"Yes. He married my wife."

"Did he? Did he? I thought he was a bachelor."

"He is, now."

Virginia, now Mrs. Troy, is to be landed with the inimitable Trimmer—met, in an idle mood, in a fog in Glasgow. Resourceful

in war as he is lucky in love, Trimmer is simultaneously McTavish—under which name he blazes into the headlines: just the hero wanted for propaganda.

Another of our former friends, Ritchie-Hook, remains dramatically off-scene, for reasons beyond his control, during the greater part of *Officers and Gentlemen*. And no one character in this book has quite the magnitude of Aphorpe, unforgotten by Guy.

We gain, however, in Colonel Trotter ("Jumbo"), Major Hound and the cryptic Ludovic. And there is the adorable Julia Stitch. . . . The dialogue in this novel is Mr. Waugh's at his most superb: perfect. But the masterpiece is the Crete end. We have no more formidable novelist than this.

★ ★ ★

JOHN P. MARQUAND is American in the way most attractive to British readers. As a novelist, he is stable and admirable—and, Clifton Fadiman, unerring New York critic, also refers to Mr. Marquand as "our handsomest and best-groomed novelist." To all this, Mr. Marquand adds not only modesty but a rare objectivity as to his own work. *THIRTY YEARS* (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.) consists of pieces and stories published within that term of time. To each, in the form of a head-piece, Mr. Marquand has supplied his own criticism.

The interest of *Thirty Years* is thus doubled. On the whole, it has been this author's novels, rather than his short stories, which have (at least in our country) gained him fame. *The Late George Apley* and *Wickford Point* opened a fresh era of pleasure for the fiction-readers, and there has not been a decline since. The short stories would, in any event, have reflected glory. One learns, here, how good they are in themselves.

Mr. Marquand, however, is clear-eyed. His comments, in each case, overlook no weak point—though he suggests what, in his own view, are saving qualities. To anybody wishing to practise the craft (or art?) of the short story, *Thirty Years* will be more



"MRS. SALTER" in her full Georgian bloom, is illustrated in Peter Quennell's *Hogarth's Progress* (Collins; 25s.), a scholarly account, written with vigour and humane insight, of the life and times of this most English of painters



## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenore

Lady Sarah Savile, youngest daughter of the sixth Earl of Mexborough and of the Dowager Countess of Mexborough, of Mulberry Walk, London, S.W.3, is to marry the Hon. Roualeyn Cumming-Bruce, third son of the sixth Lord Thurlow and of Lady Thurlow, of Ardleigh Court, Colchester, Essex



Bassano

Miss Anthea Maude Norman, daughter of Mrs. Sheila Norman, of Craigmill, Perthshire, and Lt.-Col. A. M. B. Norman, of Cranmer Court, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. David Methven, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Methven, of St. Martin's, by Perth and Kingseat, Bridge of Cally



Yevonde

Miss Jennifer Hedley Newton, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. G. Newton, of Corfe Cottage, Taunton, Somerset, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nigel G. R. Halliday, son of the late Col. G. R. Halliday, and of Mrs. Halliday, of Littlecote, Farnham, Surrey, and of Florian, Malta



Navana Vandyk

Miss Jennifer Mary Whistler, younger daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Lashmer Whistler, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., and Lady Whistler, of Eccleston Hill, Chester, is engaged to Capt. Hugh Mackay, The Cameronians, son of Col. J. N. Mackay, D.S.O., and Mrs. Mackay, of Dunphail, Morayshire

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Shutt—North.** The marriage took place at the High Street Methodist Church, Harpenden, Herts., between Mr. Geoffrey Shutt, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Shutt, of Crowthorn, Herts, and Miss Ann Myra North, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewart North, of The Brache, Rothamsted Avenue, Harpenden

**Pullen—Bowler.** The marriage took place at St. Petrock's Church, Dartmouth, between Mr. John Pullen, younger son of Mr. W. J. Pullen, M.B.E., and Mrs. Pullen, of Coombs Hill, Surrey, and Miss Jennifer Jill Bowler, only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal G. Bowler, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Bowler, of Kingswear, Devon



**Innes—Gordon-Cumming.** (Left) Mr. David Innes, son of the late Lt.-Col. J. A. Innes and of Mrs. E. Joly de Lotbinière, of Bury St. Edmunds, married Miss Philippa Gordon-Cumming, daughter of the late Sir Alastair Gordon-Cumming, of Forres, Morayshire, and of Elizabeth Lady Gordon-Cumming

**Morrison-Bell—Davies.** (Right) Sir Charles Morrison-Bell, Bt., of Tarsset, Hexham, Northumberland, only son of the late Sir Claude Morrison-Bell and of Lady Morrison-Bell, of Corfe Mullen, Dorset, married Miss Prudence Davies, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. D. Davies, of Otterburn, Northumberland





## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans



Under the tweed suit, on the opposite page, she wears a shirt blouse in pink poplin. Beautifully cut, with long sleeves and adjustable neckline, it will be in the shops by August and will cost 45s. 9d. The pull-on cerise pink velour hat, trimmed with a petersham ribbon, cost 79s. 11d.



## THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND

WE have chosen this week a plain but immensely chic tweed suit that could be the foundation of any wardrobe planned for a northern holiday in, say, Scotland or Scandinavia, and that later on will be enormously useful at home. Made of lightweight blue and pink mixture tweed, it has a straight hanging jacket made with high revers and four cuffed pockets. The straight skirt is made with a pleat at the back for easy walking. It costs approximately 14 gns. and can be bought from Marshall and Snelgrove at Harrogate and Bradford, who also have the hat and blouse that go with it







*Here are some  
comfortable; cool and*

## Lighthearted clothes for the seaside

ON these pages we show some last-minute additions made to a holiday wardrobe by Miss Catherine Feller, the sixteen-year-old actress who plays so touchingly the small part of wife to the Dauphin in Anouilh's Joan of Arc play *The Lark* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Miss Feller, undeterred by the rigours of a wet summer's day at Shoreham, shows us some gay beachwear on which we hope the sun will shine soon—MARIEL DEANS





Here Miss Feller is wearing a white cotton piqué sun-top and bright red linen shorts from Harrods



Left and lower right: This very charming two-piece of crimson and white striped glazed cotton consists of a low-necked play suit and a very wide button-through skirt. It comes from the Beach Wear department, Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*Continued overleaf*



This gay shirt and corsair trousers, made of mahogany red, yellow and black printed cotton come from Finnigans of Bond Street







Above and right: Rigby & Peller of South Molton Street make this charming beach ensemble of mauve poplin piped with emerald green, colours repeated in the loose-fitting beach coat of mauve, violet and green hand-printed Italian linen. The violet raffia beach hat is an Emilio of Capri model that also comes from Rigby & Peller

*Continuing—*

*Lighthearted clothes  
for the seaside*

## Playtime on the beach



R. Howarth



An unusual and exquisite glass table lamp, which can be ordered from Harrods. Price, with flex and plug, £10 8s.



A beautiful and recent design by Rene Stevens. Sherry set, decanter and six sherry glasses, £10 10s. 6d. A water set is also available in the same design at the price of £9 5s. 6d.



## Some contemporary glassware

*OF fine workmanship designed by Rene Stevens, A.R.C.A., shown at an exhibition by Webb Corbett Ltd., famous makers of English crystal*

—JEAN CLELAND

Glass vase with decoration of deep hollows cut on the outside connected by bands of parallel cuts. Interesting reflections can be seen on the far side of the vase. Harrods. £5 19s. 6d.

Salad bowl in beautifully simple design, which sparkles and catches the light. Price £5 13s. 6d. From Harrods



Dennis Smith



Wine decanter, sherry glass and goblet and water jug of graceful and striking design. The sherry set (decanter and six glasses) costs £8 11s., the water set (jug and six tumblers), £8 6s. 6d. From Harrods



Above: A modern vase design made in three sizes: 6 in., 8 in. and 10 in. high. Prices £2 15s., £5 18s. and £5 17s. From Liberty's. Top right: This bowl combines traditional mitre cutting with deep hollow cutting from rounded stones and makes a handsome centre bowl. Price £6 4s. 6d. From Liberty's. Right: Rene Stevens is chief designer for Webb Corbett. She trained first at the Stourbridge Art School and then at the Royal College of Art, where she was awarded an extra year of study for special merit





## Beauty

Dressing-table  
poll

Jean Cleland

THERE are times when my husband—and indeed my family and entire household—view the samples which arrive daily from the various beauty firms with apprehensive eyes. "If this goes on," they say, "we shall either have to move to a larger house, or build on to this one."

While it is true that the outpourings of the beauticians threaten to swamp us, I find their activity in keeping up to date with modern science extremely interesting. Every minute, improvements are being made; improvements designed to give added radiance to the complexion, greater sheen to the hair, and ever more subtlety to the make-up.

By using friends and relatives as guinea pigs, I am able to clear the decks, and—at the same time—get a good census of opinion as to the intrinsic value of the number of toilet accessories that come my way.

FOR those who live at a distance, and are not able to get round the salons and stores, here are some of the latest products which I think should be of interest.

Make-up. Elizabeth Arden has this to say: "Navy blue is back, and flower prints are everywhere."

For these colours she has created a new shade of lipstick called "Mediterranée," a beautiful rosy red, which while lovely with all the delicate tones of springtime, and early summer, yet glows against a sun-tanned skin. Another new Arden shade is "Canary Red," a bright flame-toned lipstick, which brings life and gaiety to the stone shades—oatmeal and string—and harmonizes with tan, warm marigolds, deep yellows and tangerines.

Those who live in the country and spend much of their time in tweeds, will be interested in Lenthéric's new silk-screened lipstick case, with a tweed design. The lipsticks themselves come in

eight shades, all of which have a "countryside" atmosphere. They are given the attractive and imaginative names of Royal Rose, Pippin Red, Dawn, Gipsy Kiss, Wild Berry, Sundown, Red Lilac and Hunting Pink.

Innoxia say we shall all be "Mad about pink" which is their latest lipstick shade. Not quite shocking, and certainly not too modest, it is something between the two; vital and warm, and wonderfully long lasting.

POND's have brought out an attractive new lipstick case, and have at the same time rechristened their existing lipstick colours with such exciting names as "Dark Secret" (a mulberry shade for deep wines), "Rascal Red" (bright and dashing), "Honey" (red with a touch of yellow), "Dreamy Pink" (like a soft pink rose) and various others, from which you will certainly be able to choose one that exactly suits yourself.

In response to many requests, a new shade has been added to the Arcancil smear-proof mascara. This "Gris" is a lovely soft shade of grey, ideal for those who find black too hard for their colouring. Arcancil have also just brought out a whole series of cosmetic pencils, which are beautifully soft to use, and bring added precision to one of the most delicate tasks in the cosmetic calendar.

COMPLEXION. Months of research, I am told, have gone into the new "Beauty Pressed" powder by Cyclax. Beautifully light in texture, this is wonderfully clinging; it doesn't cake, it doesn't change colour, and it comes complete with puff in a charmingly designed helio mirrored compact. In its pressed form, the powder can be easily carried without fear of spilling, an important consideration on those occasions when one's make-up activities have to be both swift and unobtrusive.

Hair. Young girls who like to give themselves a home permanent wave, will welcome Richard

Hudnut's new "Pin-Quick" perm. Every woman who knows how to put her hair in "pins" can do this for herself.

There is absolutely no unwinding, no re-setting, and no rinsing. Think of that. Also, because "Pin-Quick" contains lanoline to nourish, there is no danger of drying or of frizz. Recommended for use with the "Pin-Quick" perm are Kirby Beard's quick grips, sold in a matching container for 3s. 6d. for sixty.

FRENCH of London has some good—and amusing—advice, that "you boost your ego with 'Ego',"—if you see what he means. In case not, let me explain that "Ego" is his latest special purpose shampoo.

This new product contains a generous quantity of pure egg, and is excellent for hair that is inclined to be dry, and that fluffs up and "flies away" directly it has been washed. "Ego" lubricates and conditions it, without leaving it lank and sticky. This is a very valuable property in a shampoo.

If you want a lovely sheen, there is a new "Apple Blossom" brilliantine made by Cussons which puts life into the hair, and combines a health treatment, as well as keeping it tidy, and enhancing its beauty.

Nursery Fragrance. Cussons have given a thought to the children, with an enchanting "Disneyland" baby nursery powder. This is a superfine baby powder which is packed in a colourful and easy-to-manage tin, on which the various Disney characters are attractively displayed, in a bath-time setting and are sure to evoke the enthusiasm of the youngest generation.







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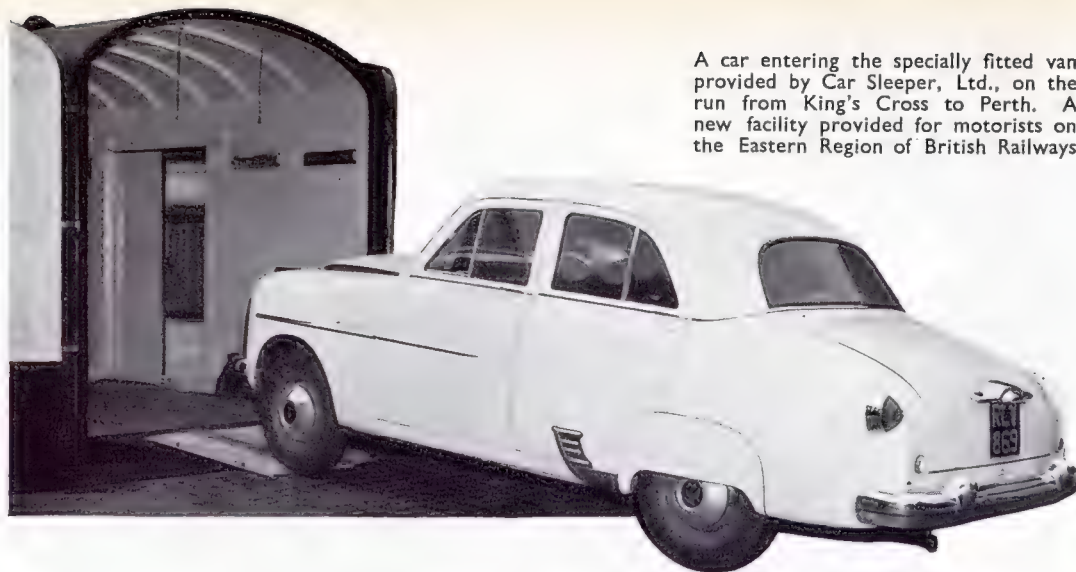
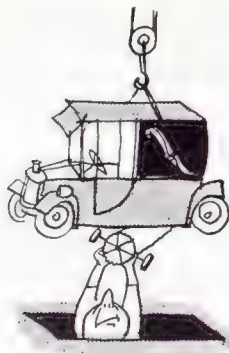
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# Helena Rubinstein

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## Motoring

# ONE-MAN ROAD CENSUS

DEVOTION to duty could hardly have been taken further than I took it when I was motoring in France at the time of Le Mans and the Paris aero show. For instead of concentrating on the business of driving, I was applying a great deal of attention to the road behaviour of others and to the working of the traffic rules. I risked being crushed by immense lorries and even being made the object of a *contravention* by the Paris police simply in order to be able to tell readers of *The TATLER* how present conditions in France compare with those in this country.

First there is a point on which statistics are misleading. Statistics say that the average number of motor vehicles to the kilometre of road in France is a good deal lower than in the United Kingdom. But it is not the average with which the driver who goes Continental touring is concerned.

ON the open road in France traffic density is much lower than here; but in Paris it is much higher. The consequence of this is that long-distance cruising in France is a steady, restful, smooth process, with few hold-ups and few difficult overtaking problems. In Paris, on the other hand, the traffic density to the kilometre is much higher than in London.

Even here, however (and with all respect to my colleague Priscilla's opinions), there is a difference which favours the private motorist. In Paris big lorries are not permitted to circulate and the buses are far fewer than in London. Consequently, although the boulevards can be solid with vehicles, all those vehicles are capable of moving at about the same speed and of manoeuvring with about the same quickness. The whole mass moves more rapidly and more easily. Then there is less hand flapping. Parisian drivers use flashing indicators and watch for them. They do not use or watch for flapping hands. It is a big improvement on the idiotic waving that goes on (and is officially encouraged) in London.

Parking is also more rationally and more honestly treated in Paris than in London. I was making calls on offices in all parts of the city. I did not use a garage; yet I did not once hear that *leitmotiv* of London "You can't leave that 'ere," nor did I once find myself subjected to the organized begging that goes on at

London's parking places. I was never asked for a sou in order to park my car.

But the Parisian motorist thinks when he parks. The consequence is that, although some of the big streets have parked vehicles all along both sides, there is no occlusive parking; no double-banking which hems a car in. If London police were to permit parking anywhere and everywhere provided that two-way streets retained space for two-way traffic, and one-way streets for one-way traffic, and there were no occlusive parking, our parking problem would be half solved and traffic would move more quickly and more easily.

BEFORE I left for France I asked the Royal Automobile Club two questions: what is Derv called at filling stations on the Continent and what map gives up-to-date information about the one-way streets of Paris? The Club's touring department could not answer either question. Therefore I now propose to answer them myself—and that without charging the Club any fee or even asking for a return of the fee I have paid it!

There is one, and only one, good map on which one can organize calls in central Paris without losing time by going along the wrong routes. It is the "Guide S-75" published by Editions Michel Ponchet. This map, which Parisian motorists use themselves, is clear and enables the one-way systems to be seen at a glance. It is most important that those contemplating making calls in the city (for driving to it or through it the point does not arise) should obtain this map.

As for the French name for Derv, it is gas oil; but you should remember that it is pronounced something like "gazouelle."

I must again pay a tribute to the very fine Townsend Channel ferry service. The running of this service is highly efficient and the Halladale has good accommodation. There is a pleasing little restaurant, and private cabins if you want one. The order of driving on at Dover is as near as possible the order of driving off at Calais so that it does pay to be early on the quay. But it is not essential and the loading and unloading are done quickly.

I cannot speak too highly of the efficiency of this ferry service. Moreover the charges are economical. Thus for a car with a medium

wheelbase—say 2.7 metres—the charge is £6. Even at 3.2 metres (10 ft. 6 in.) the charge is only £10 10s. The Townsend ferry deserves high praise.

ANY detailed comment upon the Le Mans disaster until the official inquiry has pronounced would be improper; but I did regret the Mercedes statements as given in the newspapers. No one can blame Mercedes for being thrown off balance by such a fearful tragedy. It would argue lack of feeling if they had not been badly shaken. But the criticism of Hawthorn was, in my view, a sad and regrettable lapse. No advantage is gained by seeking to apportion blame. After all this was a race.

Nor could I approve of the Mercedes withdrawal. A dreadful thing had happened. But it was not the first time in racing that a car had killed spectators. It was in magnitude but not in kind that the disaster differed from those which had occurred at Brooklands and elsewhere. It would be logical to say that such risks are too great and to stop all motor racing; but it is not in the least logical to withdraw because

an accident unfortunately happens.

I must repeat, however, that in regretting the Mercedes actions, I am not overlooking the agony of mind which their directors must have suffered. Nor must we forget that other tragedy which—occurring before the race itself—overshadowed the Jaguar victory.

LET me add a brief note on the Paris Salon. It was notable for so many things, not least the new Caravelle, a truly wonderful piece of design work with almost unlimited developmental promise. And the entertaining at this year's show was memorable.

My own most vivid recollection is of the party given by M. and Mme. Desbrières (M. Desbrières is head of the big French engine company of SNECMA). They held it on the first floor of the Eiffel Tower and one sipped champagne looking out over the magic city, then bathed in a soft evening light. The party given at the Bagatelle polo ground by M. and Mme. Glasser was also memorable. This went on until late in the night. And there was also the superb dinner given by Rolls-Royce at Lasserre's restaurant. Altogether I do not remember a Salon where the entertaining was on so large a scale or so pleasant.

There can be little doubt that the French motor and aviation industries are on the upgrade and moving quickly. We shall be seeing many interesting new aircraft and motor-cars coming from the French factories during the coming years.

—Oliver Stewart







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RICHARD GORDON, who set a new fashion in medical comedy with his *Doctor in the House* and *Doctor at Sea*, will have a trilogy to his credit in the autumn, when Michael Joseph will be publishing his new book, *Doctor at Large*

## Book Reviews [Continuing from page 30]

### Story that was hard to tell

helpful than innumerable "How to Write" manuals. Also the collection, as a whole, gives a view of the development of the writer which no out-and-out autobiography could excel.

The travel-pieces, war sketches and satirical *jeux d'esprit* are vivid and civilized. Among the stories, Mr. Marquand's own favourites are "The End Game," "Lunch at Honolulu" and "Sea, Sand and Sun." Readers may or may not agree with him—I did.

*Thirty Years* is, as a volume, all-round good value: product of clear mind, sound heart, wide travel, unfailing interest in life and an unaffected devotion to literature.

★ ★ ★

ELIZABETH SEWELL'S *THE SINGULAR HOPE* (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.) is a novel no less curious than its title. Curious, that is to say, in subject—an adolescent deformed girl, at a school for children handicapped as she is herself. Bylands Cross, a not ungenial red-brick house in the South of England, is an expensive establishment: well-staffed, equipped as it needs to be. The children—girls and some younger boys—are, on the whole, wisely and well treated. Only, in fact, from time to time are we reminded that the atmosphere is abnormal, and that the children's disabilities—which, though they may be ameliorated, are not curable—are likely to be the tragedies of their lives.

Joan Crusoe is, one infers, hunchbacked. One infers this (one is never directly told) from the exercises she has to go through daily and from the build of the dread apparatus she must use. Otherwise, she is ardent and quick, altogether natural, lively and lovable in spirit. Her courage is a thing which one takes for granted. To say that *The Singular Hope* is the story of the triumph of mind over matter would be to simplify the whole thing too much. Joan's triumph (and Miss Sewell's triumph through her) is that one so seldom recalls that she is deformed. She and her school friends, Di in particular, are in bearing ordinary English schoolgirls, neither gayer nor glummer than that tribe are. With a shock, one realizes what they have to combat.

Joan, all the time, walks her brave way over an abyss of possible loneliness and terror. As against that, she knows lyrical moments. The crisis is bound to come when she falls in love with her cousin Clive, a neurotic and complicated man thirty years older than herself.

I find it hard to comment on *The Singular Hope*: I can only say that had I not read this at once so gentle and so majestic book, my own experience would have been the poorer. I shall re-read it, and I advise readers to seek it out for themselves.

★ ★ ★

GRAND PRIX MURDER, by Douglas Rutherford (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a rattling good book about motor racing, with its attendant thrills. A string of murders further heighten the tension. The villain (I found) one can spot fairly early on; but mystery being only one element in this exhilarating if also nerve-racking story, I am inclined to feel that that does not matter.

The author gives the impression of knowing the world he writes of from A to Z. He conveys sensations liable to be known to only a handful of his readers with, really, something like magic. Do not miss this.



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## DINING OUT

### In the byways of south-east Gaul

I AM writing this in France on a terrace in the sun in the Province of Jura, with the River Ain flowing by peopled by the most succulent trout, and nothing else in sight or sound.

This, at the end of nearly three weeks pottering about France, for which I have a great affection.

I am delighted to be able to announce that all the awful stories I had been told about the appalling cost of living in France on holiday have proved, so far as I am concerned, to be quite untrue.

If you avoid the Grand Palaces, the super-fashionable resorts and places which rely on a short season and tourists with fat wallets, and keep a little off the beaten track, you can live like a king at a very reasonable cost indeed.

YOU can wine and dine in small towns or establishments en route to a standard which still has absolutely no equivalent in the British Isles.

For example three of us stopped in the middle of the afternoon at a small restaurant, the Gai Pinson in Les Rousses (Jura); we consumed two ample portions of their *Terrine de Maison* (which would have done credit to any chef), two omelettes, one *entrecôte*, two salads, accompanied by a carafe of *Côtes du Jura* and the bill with service came to 950 francs, which is under £1.

Two of us spent four days and four nights at the excellent Hotel des Messageries in Arbois, indulging in such delights as *Brochet à la Loue* (pike from a local river) served cold with a mayonnaise of such quality that it could be eaten by the spoonful.

We had *Truite Farcie du Père Jerome, crevisses au*

*Savagnin* and *poulet de Bresse au vin jaune*; the *vin jaune*, a strong wine, dark golden in colour, bears no similarity to any other in the world.

On one evening we were entertained to dinner by M. Henry Maire, who can proudly announce "*Vigneron de père en fils depuis 1632*," and who owns immense vineyards in the district.

We had the wines of Arbois with every meal, some odd apéritifs in between, spent 900 francs on telephone calls to Geneva and the whole bill *tout compris* came to 11,825 francs—say £12!

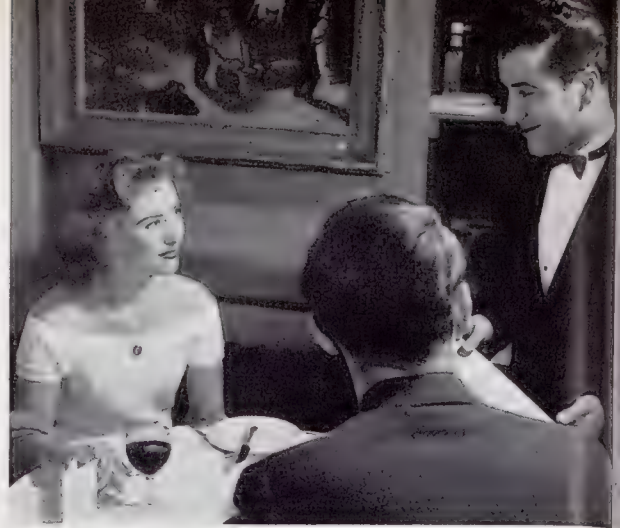
WE are now finishing up in a blaze of glory *de luxe* at the Hotel La Belle Etoile, Pont du Navoy (Jura) which I observe on looking through the register appears to be unused by my fellow countrymen.

We have a large room, half of it window, with a very fine view over the hills and the river, a very smart private bathroom and a garage. The *table d'hôte* menu gives a choice of a meal at 800 francs or 1,200 francs, lunch or dinner, and includes such delicacies as *quenelles de Brochet Nantua*, *truite de l'Ain Meunière*. The frog and the snail when in season, and of course the famous *poulet de Bresse*; this time *rôti*.

All in, *en pension* with service, £4 per day for two, and this nearly in July.

As far as the Jura is concerned it is a worthwhile precaution to search out the better of the *vins de pays*. Many of them are excellent, unknown in England and a new experience.

Champagne is very expensive in France and even in moderate hotels will cost the equivalent of £1 15s. to £2 5s. per bottle. At the same level the premier *crus* of Bordeaux 1950 come out at about £1 4s. and the better known burgundies at 16s. to £1 2s. for the fifty and fifty-twos.



AT LEONI'S. Raffaele, son of proprietor Peppino Leoni, has worked with his father for the last twelve years. This is a family business catering especially for the theatre-minded Londoner

The best of the *côtes du Jura* and the wines of Arbois, *rouge*, *rosé* and *blanc*, cost between 8s. and 12s. at the table and of course less from the wine merchant for "Le Pique-nique."

THE cry that the French are out to grab every farthing they can off the tourist is a canard. We found unflinching gaiety, kindness and courtesy wherever we went.

On several occasions we were given a "bottle on the house," and twice there were bottles in the car for consumption en route. At one hotel we gave the *propriétaire* some photos we had taken of his children the year before (three prints which cost 1s. each) and when we got the bill he had only charged us for two nights when in fact we had stayed for three!

*Vive La France!*

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Cool comfort for hot weather

IF you have a refrigerator—and everyone, I think, should have one—you have at all times an Aladdin's Cave into which to dip for jewels of your own fashioning. Without it, one is forced to make many shopping trips for perishable foods which cannot otherwise be safely stored, particularly in these hot days.

A word about refrigerators: It is good judgment to buy a largish one, when you are about it. The real danger is to decide on a size which will "just do" and buy it. Better to buy the next size larger or even the size above that because, as soon as one installs the "adequate" model, it becomes inadequate. Cost? We can meet that by cutting out some extravagance and putting the money saved into the purchase. (That is how I, in my early twenties, bought my small grand piano.)

DURING warm weather, when cooking can be a burden, I like to have on hand a small store of potted meats in terrines or moulds from which to draw. Most of these dishes, once prepared, cook themselves while one is out and about in the sun. The most simple, perhaps, is Yorkshire Potted Beef.

For this, I buy leg beef—say, a couple of pounds—cut it into long strips with the grain of the meat, then across into small squares. I turn these into a casserole, with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste and water to cover—nothing else. I put on the lid and cook for 4 to 5 hours in a very slow oven.

The meat is then beautifully tasteful and tender, the gristle reduced to a soft lacing of almost jelly quality.

I turn all into a terrine or refrigerator box and, if there is not enough fat to coat the surface when it becomes cold, I pour a little melted bacon fat over it, because bacon fat does not become so hard in the refrigerator as that of beef. When cold, I store the dish in the least cold part of the refrigerator, where it keeps perfectly for several days. Because this dish is so simple, one never tires of it, no matter how often it appears.

BEEF À LA MODE is a wonderful dish. Get a piece of boneless silverside, rump or top round of beef, weighing 3 to 4 pounds. Have it larded, or cut larding bacon into strips to fit your needle and lace the meat with them. Tie into a compact shape, if necessary. Fry the meat all over to a deep brown, without burning the fat.

Transfer to a medium small stewpot. Add a good wineglass of red wine or dry cider. In the same frying-pan, fry 2 to 3 sliced onions and 2 skinned and deseeded tomatoes (optional). Add enough water to cover the meat and pour all over it. Add a bouquet garni, 1 to 2 cloves, a section or two of garlic (optional), 2 sliced carrots and a calf's foot. Season to taste. Cover tightly and simmer for 3 hours. Remove the calf's foot, dice the "meat" and return it to the pan. Simmer for another hour or so, when the meat should be as tender as butter.

Remove the meat and slice it, cutting across the larding. Pour some of the strained stock over it and serve with freshly cooked young carrots and a dozen freshly cooked small onions. Put the remaining cooled, strained stock in the refrigerator. When the fat hardens, remove it. Place the remaining slices of beef in a serving-dish. Warm the stock through and pour it over them. When cold, place in a plastic bag and store in the refrigerator until next day. Serve with salad.

OUR Summer Pudding is one of the simplest but most delicious of any country and I write of it at least once a year. For it you require a combination of two or even three fruits, provided they are juicy and tart. Just now, I would suggest ½ lb. each of raspberries and red currants and ¼ lb. stoned black cherries, loganberries or black currants. Add ½ cup water, boil together for a few minutes, then add about 4 oz. sugar and boil for a further 2 to 3 minutes.

Line a pudding basin with thin slices of crustless bread, overlapping each other to make a complete seal. Strain off a little of the juice, then pour the remaining fruit and juice into the lined bowl. Stand the bowl in a soup plate; cover with a further slice of bread and place a weighted plate on top. Leave overnight. Turn out on to a deep dish and spoon the reserved juice over the top to give the sweet a fresh and luscious appearance.

—Helen Burke





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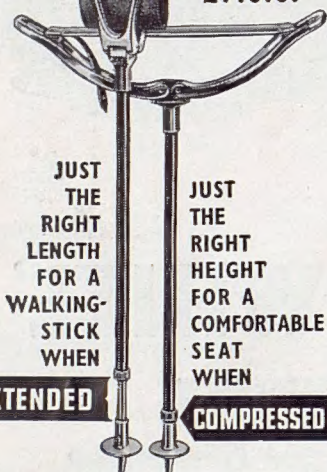
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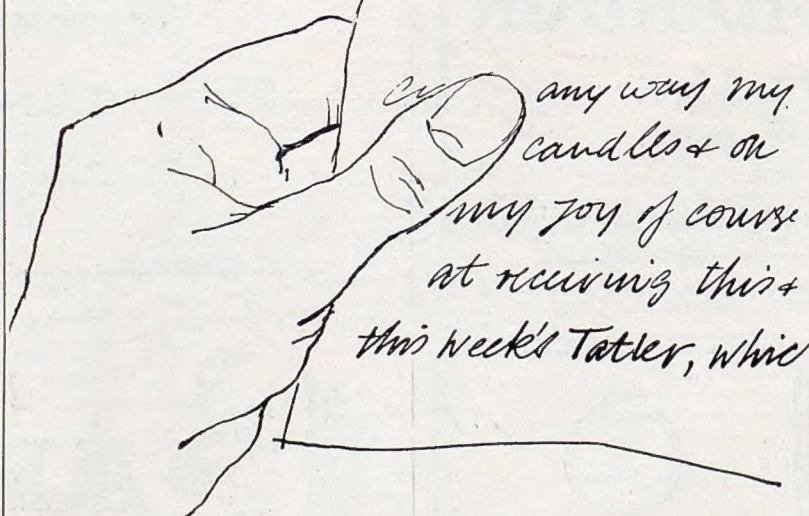
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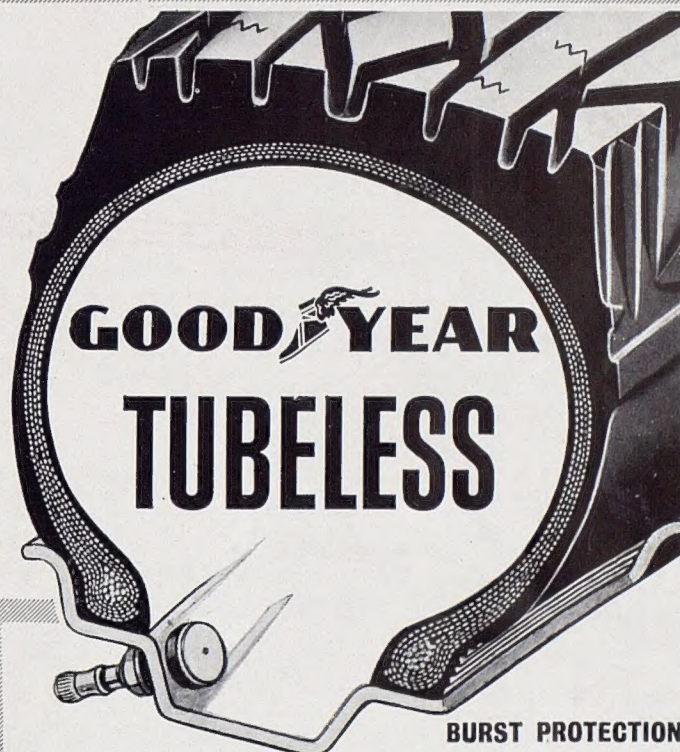
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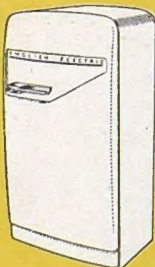




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